

MY EXPERIENCES IN
THE CIVIL WAR.



LIEUT. C. C. PAIGE.

GAR



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LIEUT. C. C. PAIGE,
At the age of twenty-three years.

STORY OF THE EXPERIENCES
OF LIEUT. CHARLES C. PAIGE
IN THE CIVIL WAR OF 1861-5

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

MDCCCCXI

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To My Beloved Wife,
SHARER OF MY SACRIFICES AND VICTORIES,
WHOSE PATRIOTISM AND UNSELFISHNESS
MADE POSSIBLE THE STORY
IN THESE PAGES, AND

To My Son
WHO LIVES TO ENJOY THE FRUITS OF ALL—
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
Introduction,	12
1. Review of Diary and Experiences Previous to En- listing,	14
2. Deciding the Question and Going to the Front,	18
3. First Experiences at Soldiering,	22
4. Fall Campaign of 1862,	26
5. Fredericksburg Campaign,	29
6. Leaving Falmouth for Newport News,	42
7. From Newport News to Cincinnati and Kentucky,	46
8. From Kentucky to Vicksburg,	56
9. Vicksburg and Jackson, Mississippi Campaign,	58
10. Our Return to Kentucky and Tennessee,	74
11. Burnside's Retreat and Siege of Knoxville by Gen. Longstreet. Our "Valley Forge" Campaign,	82
12. Our Return to the Army of the Potomac,	106
13. At Annapolis, Md. My Wife Visits Me,	109
14. Wilderness Campaign,	111
15. Wounded and Sent to Washington,	123
16. Transferred to Philadelphia,	126
17. Transferred to Manchester, N. H., and Discharge,	129
Addenda,	144

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece. Picture Taken at Age of Twenty-three.	
Cooper's Shop,	21
Sword, Bottle, etc.,	39
Photo in Uniform,	46
Attack on Fort Saunders,	89
Canteen and Haversack,	105
Letter to My Wife, June 16, 1864,	126
Hospital Photo,	128
Latest Photo,	144

INTRODUCTION.

Lest this book fall into the hands of strangers or persons not immediately connected with my family, two things I wish to call attention to in this prefatory note.

First, I have not written for the public reading. I have presumed that my immediate family now living and their descendants, may be interested in the war record of their relative, who served in the Civil War, doubting not that the interest to coming generations will be enhanced as the scenes described will have gone farther into the long ago days, and that my posterity may feel a just pride in the fact that their ancestor was a participant in the greatest Civil War ever fought, and in which patriotism manifested its supremacy as in no era of the World's history.

Second, I am not attempting to write a history of the Civil War. Several editions faithfully written by historians of National fame, have been published, and for me to attempt to enlighten the reading world from my limited vision and circumscribed horizon would only demonstrate my audacity and make too evident my weakness. But what I have endeavored to do in this, my long story, is to give a faithful, simple review of the part I took in this great drama. I have written mostly in dairy style having copied from the every day writings sent home to my wife and which she faithfully preserved.

This style, or way of writing, makes more familiar and better understood how a soldier lived, subsisted, fought and spent the weary years through. Writing as I do almost wholly from data referred to above and not from the exaggerated imagination of an elderly man looking

back to the years and deeds of young manhood, I think I may truly say that my story is a faithful, reliable narration of real incidents not overdrawn but in most instances too dimly pictured, and with too much of modesty in writing of my own faithfulness and soldierly bearing.

Not only for the foregoing reason do I re-write my war history. I do not desire again to repeat the service rendered my country in the 60s but the compensation which comes to me as I review the past is a sufficient reward. I live over and almost I am inclined to say with greater enthusiasm the scenes of those thrilling experiences. My eyes brighten, my heart beats faster and my soul is stirred to its depths. Grand, I say, and glorious the realization of duty done, victory won, my part in accomplishing it.

I have brought into this story several of my Company and would gladly furnish a roster in full with a statement of their services and present standing in the community of those who survive, but the idea is hardly in keeping with my purpose as above stated. Neither could I do justice to the heroic service rendered at the front, or the honorable citizenship, professional and business success attained by many of them. I can say with much emotion, "Dear Old Boys, my Comrades in Arms, I love them all."

CHAPTER I.

In my diary which I kept before going to war, I find the last entry was made on August 27, 1862, and it relates to that last day at home and how I occupied the time prior to leaving for camp. On returning home, after my discharge, I did not take up the diary at once to write as before, nor until August 27, 1866, and to begin my story of the experiences incident to my soldier life, I will copy that first entry in my diary.

"Four years have past since my last record was made. A short blank in this book separates the two dates, but were the different transactions of each day recorded in length, to compare with the interests involved in those transactions, this and other volumes would be filled. I would like very well to be able to portray as vividly as pen can do, the stern, hazardous and trying experiences of the four years last passed, that others might read and know something of a soldier's life as well as the severe trials of a wounded soldier. All will ever remain vivid in my own mind, and should I live to be an old man I expect to refer with earnestness to my soldier life."

The last record intimates that I go to camp tomorrow to commence a soldier life. I did so. The Company mustered and marched from the Corner (a locality in Candia one mile from the Station) to the Depot where we got aboard the cars and were carried to Concord. We were accompanied to the depot by many of the townspeople where many a "good bye" was said and many tears too, were shed, and I well know fervent prayers were offered for our protection and speedy return.

A new thing; not since the days of our early Fathers have such sights been seen. Companies of men hurrying

from their homes to battle; terrible, fierce battles where men were cut down like the grass before the scythe. It was hard for our parents, our brothers, our sisters and kind friends to give us up to enter into the deadly conflict and become victims of its carnage. It was harder still for the partners of our lives, our loving wives to whom some of us were only recently united.

It was ringing torture thus to be torn from each other's embrace. I had been married but eight months. My heart was burdened with sorrow but it must not be known. I must help bear another's woes, and nobly did she wipe away her tears and say, "I'll be brave and submit." The aged parent could scarcely speak lest by opening his lips grief would flow and unman him.

Again in my life, may it please Providence not to cause me to pass through such a fiery furnace.

But a mighty rebellion is in our land. Our brethren of the South have risen up and recreant to their vows, are seeking, as is were, the life of their own Mother. She has called on her loyal sons for aid, and what can I do but rush to the rescue. God calls, my country calls, and the overflowing patriotism of my soul calls loudly. "I must go," was my response. "I will go though my limbs be torn from my body, though my life be sacrificed, I cannot stay away." And I went.

As previously stated, I had been married only eight months, and had settled down on a farm with my Father, to live with and care for him during his life. I had in process of erection a dwelling house in which my wife and I were to reside. I was obliged to abandon for awhile, and perhaps forever, these pleasant dreams of the near future; sacrifice them for my chances in war.

And now, at this time of writing, as I glance from the events alluded to, and all through to the present time, I exclaim, "Mysterious indeed are the ways in which the hand of Providence leads us!"

From the breaking out of the Rebellion I had been intensely interested in the conduct of the war, and my patriotic emotions were wrought to a high pitch; but because of my duties to Father, and the tender relations of husband to the newly wedded wife, and be it truthfully said, my lack of courage to stem the realities of the battle field, I delayed the decision to be a soldier. My constant and earnest prayer was that I might be led in the path of duty. Day after day the struggle went on, my wife clinging closely to me when patriotic enthusiasm would rise high and I made efforts toward enlisting. Three questions seemed to block my way. I have already hinted at them, and an incident of my boyhood days will serve as an illustration of the martial spirit manifest early in my life. My eldest sister, Mary Ann, bought me a small snare drum. I was about eight years old, and so pleased was I, that many a day I would march up and down Hanover street, in Manchester, where we resided, playing on my little drum much to the delight of my sister. And here seems a prophecy of future events. Father was indeed a patriot, yet possessed of Quaker ideas regarding war and military matters. He remonstrated quite severely with my sister for giving me the drum, saying, that it would tend to the cultivating of a martial spirit.

I naturally followed closely the progress of the war, and entered minutely into the battle scenes. Its carnage had a depressing effect on what little natural courage I possessed. As a boy, I chose to avoid a fight with my chums until "forbearance ceased to be a virtue," and while attending to my daily rounds of farm duties, many have been the engagements in which I have seemed in imagination to participate. So this spectre troubled me and caused me to hold back, until in the process of the struggle, I left it all with my God, and decided that if it were my duty to enlist it mattered not whether in the raging battle I became a victim of its carnage, or whether,

if it pleased Him, my life was spared through all the long war.

This question being settled, I next was troubled as to how a Christian man could deliberately shoot to kill his Southern foe. This question in turn was settled by the reasoning that human flesh and blood were of little value in His sight when opposed to His Eternal truths and principles of justice.

Now the last consideration and am I correct in saying, not the least, of leaving all the dear, fond associations of my happy home, my wife and Father, perhaps never more to enter into the felicitous experiences of a true Christian home. I well knew how tenaciously my wife clung to me. Her patriotism had not, as yet, risen to the emergency and she used her womanly nature to stay the decision, not by any objectionable methods, but naturally she, with her ardent love, and also her fears, caused me to hesitate.

Father had never given full expression to his feelings until the day to which I now refer. Our home was a mile or more from the depot and daily I went for the news, or on other errands. It was immediately after the disaster of Bull Run, when President Lincoln had called for three hundred thousand, three-year, and three hundred thousand, nine-months' men. I returned home under considerable excitement. Father was at the barn milking, and I went to him and told him the latest news, closing with the remark, "I don't know but what I shall have to go." His reply, "Have I ever objected," did two things. First, it divulged to me the loyalty and unselfishness of the great soul within him, willing to place his youngest son on the altar of his country when he so much needed him to make smooth and easy the few remaining years of his life.

Second, it bridged the dark chasm which I had so long dreaded to cross. I was, as it were, cut loose from him, my duty transferred from Father to Country.

CHAPTER II.

A rally for the purpose of encouraging enlistments was held in the Congregational Church, a quarter of a mile from our home. We all went to the church, my wife with a neighbor's wife. I had arrived at that place where I must strip for the conflict. She well knew without my telling her that the crisis was near with me.

The speakers were Hon. Judge Daniel Clark and Governor and late Col. Walter Harriman. After they had finished their eloquent and patriotic appeals, the chairman asked for volunteer speeches. I arose and delivered my few words of conviction and decision, saying, that I was ready to go forward and head the list for a Company. The meeting soon adjourned and I went to my stricken wife and in silence we walked down the hill toward home, when stopping, she wiped her tears from her eyes, turned to me and said, "I will not hold on to you any longer. I'll be brave, and you may go back to the church and do your duty."

The crisis was past and I was fully decided, all the barriers now being removed, and I was in a sense happy, though under a terrible burden. I began at once to arrange my affairs. My prospective home was in process of building. I piled timber already framed in a snug, close pile, covering it securely from the weather.

As Yeomen of our Granite State, the most of our enlisted men were not proficient in military affairs. I had been a member of a home guard company under Captain Anderson, and had quite a little experience in the manual of arms and evolutions of the company drill. Captain

Patten was totally ignorant of all, and I spent quite a little time with him in our barn teaching him these things. I, with about forty other enlisted men, spent the few remaining days in preparing to leave home. We went to Concord and were in camp a few days, drilling, and being supplied with Government clothing, &c., and on September 2nd, were mustered into the U. S. service, and in one week started for Washington.

In looking over my correspondence, (the letters written to my wife, on the average of two a week), I find much matter which unaided memory fails to recall, so I shall make notes from these letters, some of which should be re-written entirely as they are descriptions of scenes interesting to recall and to remember. One such letter of ten pages of foolscap, another pamphlet style, the leaves of which were taken from the railroad office in Knoxville, and several other papers or letters were of special interest.

My first letter to my wife was written after going into camp at Concord, Aug. 29, 1862, and after one night's experience in a tent with the ground for a bed, and was previous to my examination or being mustered.

In a letter sent home by P. W. Sanborn, one of Candia's merchants, I note a few of my needs, and also desire that she be at the station in Manchester when we pass through. We had already said our parting word and had decided that she had better not meet me again when we went through Manchester, but love had its way and could not be restrained. I would that I had a photograph of the scene awaiting the arrival of the long train conveying the one thousand men of the 11th Regiment to the front. Throngs of people in the station, above and below it, anxious to say one more word, bestow a bouquet, or some needful thing to their soldier boy or friend. Fathers, mothers, wives with the little ones, to take the last look of their noble sire or friend. Do you suppose


guards were strong enough, or dread of the point of the bayonet sufficient to keep us in the cars? My eyes were anxiously, swiftly scanning the crowd up and down the platform for the Girl I loved. Once more my arms were around her, and perhaps the last kiss received and given. A few words of affection and advice interchanged; a memento and useful articles received from her. The sad, fond adieu mingled with enthusiastic cheers, and the cars bore us from our native heath to the scenes of savage war. How many of us to be sacrificed on its altar, none but God did know.

Our route to the seat of war was via Worcester, Providence, Stonington, where in the morning we took boat for Jersey City. About noon we started for Philadelphia arriving there in the evening, partook of a good supper provided by a large hotel firm, who have, I think, furnished meals for every Regiment passing through that city. There was also in Philadelphia, if not the same eating place, a large improvised building called Cooper Shop, where they gave free meals to all soldiers passing through, and I have the impression that it was supported by contributions from the citizens of Philadelphia.

As we marched through the streets the people gave us the warmest reception, aged and young ladies shaking hands with nearly every man. (And here I am inclined to copy what I wrote to my girl at home.)

"I was challenged to kiss one girl, and of course, accepted, and this was my first victory, not over a foe, but in giving and receiving a broadside from a boastful lass. I confessed to her that I was married."

We camped on a common until about one o'clock, I, spreading my rubber blanket on the ground and covering myself with the woolen blanket, slept soundly until aroused. We marched about one mile to the depot, camped down on the floor until morning when we got aboard some cattle cars and were carried to Baltimore,

 The Gentlemen, whose names appear within, are an authorized Committee to receive Subscriptions in aid of the

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This folding card was given to us soldiers as we passed through Philadelphia from our home to the seat of war. It shows what it stands for. All soldiers passing through Philadelphia were fed there. Returning from the front severely wounded, I was taken from the cars at midnight and placed in this Cooper Shop Hospital for a short time. Thus going and returning I was cared for at this hospitable inn.

arriving about four o'clock in the afternoon, got some supper and about dark got aboard some more cars of the same kind, where we were about as comfortable as cattle are supposed to be in such quarters. We were in the cars all night going a distance of thirty-eight miles arriving in Washington on the morning of the 14th.

Our breakfast I have never forgotten, and the letter says we had bread and raw salt pork, (the soldier's name for such as we had is sow belly), and coffee, which I suggest you would not relish. Here I pause to say that it seemed to us then, and no less strange as I recall the events of my soldier life, that in Washington, a soldier received less consideration than from any other people, (excepting kindly ministrations in the hospitals); but perhaps, until now, we were the petted recruits from homes of tender care and intense patriotism, and on reaching Washington, or even Baltimore, we came under military rules and appointments so new, and to most of us, unexpected.

At about three o'clock we marched one and one-half miles to our temporary encampment. The locality was called East Capitol Hill. We got up our tents that night (and I record that six of us were Christians), and never had a sweeter night's rest. We are an intelligent tent full, cheerful and contented, although some of the boys complain of the hardships of the last two or three days. Rumors are current of a battle going on near Harper's Ferry (probably it was Antietam) and we were just late enough to miss being in it. Here I remark on the desecration of the Sabbath, there seeming to be no difference between it and other days in this country, and I begin to realize how hard to live a Christian life in camp, but am going to try to be faithful to my vows.

CHAPTER III.

The next letter written from the last named place, Camp Chase, September 17, says, we left Washington yesterday at four o'clock, marched seventeen miles, got there after dark. It rained tonight and we were quite wet but did not take cold. At ten o'clock the next morning we moved one-half mile. It is estimated that there are two hundred thousand soldiers around this camp which is on the Robert E. Lee farm, consisting of twelve hundred acres, and we can see his late residence.

My tent mates are Charles Rowe, Jesse Bean, George Brown, Calvin Magoon, and Henry Rowe. I write, we have set up the altar of Christ in our tent and enjoy ourselves well. We have been reviewed with several thousand others by Gen. Casey, whose division we are in, and Briggs Brigade. We have the right of the division.

In my letter of September 21, I say that we have an excellent Chaplain, and that we had a general prayer meeting Friday night. A great number attended and your unworthy husband, by God's help, lifted up his prayer to Our Father, and felt strengthened. Last eve another meeting was held, many taking part. Two, Charles Lane and Henry Rowe, made a start in the Christian life. I say further, that I hope I have had some influence on Henry Rowe. I took him up to the Chaplain's tent, Thursday, and he thought he found Christ there. I have talked with him. He feels keenly the death of his wife.

Again I write, we have good times in our tent every night; have reading and prayers, and Friday night six

others were in. Prayers will be offered in other tents soon I think. Young men seem to feel the necessity of bearing their cross.

I say, I have just been to the Chaplain's tent to listen to the funeral sermon of the wife of a young man, who died since he came out here. I shed tears of sympathy.

My letter of September 24 refers to a grand review, some thirty thousand in line. We went about five miles to a large field. It proved hard and fatiguing for the boys. The sun poured down so hot, and marching so long, some of the boys fainted, but I felt well and could have gone through it again, or another march after reaching camp.

The weather is about like July in New England.

It fell to my lot to drill the men and I note their awkwardness and carelessness, and also the un-soldier-likeness of many of the officers, which, I say, "would try the patience of a man as patient as Job."

I had paid considerable attention to tactics, &c., before enlisting and even drilled my Captain in Father's barn, and the lack of discipline among our officers and men troubles me much. We are now performing guard duty, and notwithstanding the professed military strictness and punishment to offenders, we have a lot of fun with the raw men.

On or about October 1st, we left camp, marched to Washington, stopping over night on the common. The next day at nine o'clock, we were loaded into freight cars, and after riding a distance of seventy-five miles, reached Frederick City, about five o'clock the next morning. It was not very comfortable for a whole company in, and on top of two cars and without seats. However this is a part of the game and I am in good spirits ready to march, as we probably shall tomorrow morning.

Today, the 3rd, we are to join Burnside's Command. We are now at Sandy Hook on the Potomac, a little

below Harper's Ferry, in a locality called Pleasant Valley almost under the east side of the mountain called Maryland Heights. On this mountain was a Fort, which, with ten thousand men, Miles surrendered to Jackson. Here the army of the Potomac is being reorganized and Gen. McClellan is superseded by Burnside. President Lincoln has been here.

I have made myself somewhat familiar with the geography and military phase of this place, and think it a very interesting locality.

We have been assigned to the 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division, under Gen. Sturgis, and are awaiting orders to move down the valley. While here men and officers indulge in sports, drilling, and some of the officers in too serious sporting.

After giving my wife a description of my tent and mates, I say, we put a board at the feet end to keep us from slipping out endways; and one night the boys tied a rope to the feet of a Captain, and the other end to a tree to keep him from sliding out. He had probably been to the commissaries and needed to be hitched to something.

Here to change the subject, in my letter of October 12, written from Pleasant Valley, after referring to my wife's letter of commiseration and pity for the hardships endured, I tell her that I am not suffering the inconveniences and hardships which I expected to when I enlisted, and am very joyful, and so far as I and my comfort is concerned, I do not complain.

While on Brigade inspection and hearing the roar of distant cannon, I thought how magnanimous I wanted her to be and I wished that she could rise above the desponding feelings which seemed natural to one in her position, and be patriotic; a Heroine. I want to be brave, courageous and unflinching. I hope that no cowardly blood nor shirking disposition is within me.

I feel that if I am called to go into battle I must fight with a different idea than that which actuates many. My watchword is Truth and Justice, Freedom and Equality to all. My prevailing and controlling idea is never to allow myself to go into battle or to fight with an angry, revengeful feeling; not to kill because others do or for the mere sake of killing, but ever to keep in mind that judgment and vengeance belongs to God, and that I am merely to fight for the love of His laws from the sense of my duty to Him as a law abiding and loving citizen.

As a professing Christian, I desire above all things, that the Grace of God may help me in all my future actions, and above all places, on the battle field. That is the place and time to test the man; the Christian.

Perhaps I may have to look back with shame from some scene of conflict, but I will not worry for my heart is all aglow with noble feelings. Patriotism rises high, and prospects of the future do not daunt me, but rather nerve my mind and arm.

Millie, try for these same aspirations and feelings and mourn no more for me, rather feel joyful that your husband is engaged in this struggle for Country and Humanity. Courage and a determined will is requisite for any great enterprise. Yours is such.

We are spending much valuable time here. Company, battalion, brigade drills &c., occupy our time in part.

I have just learned of the death of David Dudley, of Candia, at Frederick City. I saw him when we passed through there.

CHAPTER IV.

October 27 we began our fall campaign. We went down the Potomac about three miles and crossed on a Pontoon bridge, and the next day we marched three miles into Virginia.

I am Sergeant of the guard. The boys did some foraging tonight. Fresh pork and yearling beef seem to be all the go about the cook tent.

This 20th morning and liver don't taste very bad.

November 1st, we are at a place called Wheatland in the town of Buck. Good times foraging and living high. November 3, in camp near Fredericksburg. November 5, near Piedmont. Saw Brother Thomas at Upperville, yesterday. We are moving now a few miles daily. The cavalry are engaged in our front and we follow on as they clear the way.

This afternoon we marched down a defile a long way, at the bottom of which was a running brook and we could not avoid it, or walking in it a part of the time. After going a mile or two, and nearly to the Rapidan, we were halted, and after a while retraced our steps to the upland. It was said that our officers lost their way and nearly marched us into the Rebel lines. Tonight we lay down in the woods, using leaves for our bed and the next morning found we were covered with snow.

Today I did some cooking; made flapjacks, as we call them, and Oh! such light, thick and delicious eating. I got flour from a grist mill and obtained my rising from leaching out ashes; had a little butter on hand.

We marched from here to a camp farther into the enemies' lines, and, I think, without orders, for it appeared later on that we were in an exposed position and hustled out in a hurry.

The night of November 12, our Company was sent out nearly a mile on picket. Captain Patten left one half of the Company with me, and took the remainder with him to another post.

I stationed videttes in the road with strict orders to challenge any one coming near, and put out other pickets. The boys found not far from our post, a flock of nice sheep, and one of them came into camp for our use. While dressing it, the picket stationed in the road shouted for me, and upon answering his call, I found a General's Aid, who was searching for us and ordered us into camp at once, saying, that we were far into the enemies' lines and liable to capture. Soon Patten's squad filed by, and as soon as we could cut up and divide the sheep, we followed, and on reaching the camp we found only the burning waste and cracker boxes, the regiment having moved out on the road, leaving a sentinel with orders for us to follow. Here is enacted a scene very human, which showed the metal (or rather the lack of it) in some of the men. We did not know which way to go, and finding the camp deserted, some of our men were much frightened. I with my detail was some fifteen minutes, or more, late getting in, and one of Patten's squad, (I'll not mention his name) a large, strong, blustering, profane, very irreligious man at home and in the army, besought the Captain not to wait for me but to hurry on and get up with the Regiment, but to his credit, the Captain said, "You can go, if you want to, but I shall wait for Paige."

We hurried on with our butchering business and got the sheep into our several haversacks, and reached camp a little late, as before said. It was difficult to decide

which road our regiment had taken. However, we hit it right at the first (or No. 1 corner) and went to the left, but were more mixed up when we reached the next junction (or No. 2). I went into a Negro's house and inquired of the inmates, believing them to be friendly, but the boys were inclined to disagree with me, so I hit upon a plan to make it sure. Striking a match I got my eyes close to the ground and saw which way the tracks pointed, corroborating the statement of the negroes. I can assure you that a rear guard, to keep the men up in place, was not needed for the next mile. We soon came up with our Command, the Rebels following, and in the morning they began shelling us. Here we were first under fire.

November 17, near Rappahannock station, moving twice since the last event. Nov. 20, Fredericksburg, or Falmouth east of the river from Fredericksburg. Have moved three times, marching thirty miles, much of the time in the rain. The last of the march went hard with me, having the diarrhoea and a suggestion of the jaundice.

CHAPTER V.

The Rebels are in force in Fredericksburg, and in a very strong position. The 22nd we are at Falmouth and in active service, and from a letter of this date, I copy, "We are on picket at the river. The Rebels seem busy over in the city. There has been a flag of truce come across the river twice, and is now coming again. We have had a heavy rain," and to this day, when I am copying the letter, I remember well the cold and discomfort of such a rainstorm when on picket. The letter also says, "The Rebels and our boys are shouting to each other across the river."

November 25, have been on picket three nights and two days. No one seems to know for what reason troops are being massed here. It looks as though we might go into winter quarters, but I think we shall have to fight first. Camp rumors are plentiful.

We are located on an elevated place, bleak and cheerless. When it rains the mud is deep. Wood at a distance.

November 30. I have the jaundice but am recovering. Our time is occupied in various drills, dress parade, picket duty, camp and police duty, and much thinking and planning about what to eat. Referring to the matter of eating, in my letter of December 10, I say, "Chas. Rowe obtained some corn meal from a grist mill, and acting as our mess cook, made a five quart dish full, and five of us consumed the whole mess at one meal; but the next day fell short of accomplishing the feat, and the next day made a pan full to fry for breakfast." Along

with such delicacies as we purchase ourselves, we have hardtack, rice, salt pork, beans and once in a while desiccated vegetables.

A few days ago we had orders to fix up our tents, so we got logs or boards and built up the sides and ends, two feet or more; built a fireplace in one end, of logs covering them with clay. Our tent is some seven or eight feet by ten or twelve feet; cotton cloth roof. In our fireplace we can bake a ten quart pail full of beans, and splendid they are too. At this time of writing, December 21, Chas. Wason, who is now a tent mate and mess cook, has a pail of beans cooking in the fireplace, and after they are done, he is going to make a suet cake to eat with the beans.

The internal arrangement of our tent is as follows: On one side we have a row of hard tack boxes which we use for victuals and dishes. We have cedar boughs for straw to lie on, spreading our rubber blankets over them; since the battle, having replenished my blanket store, I spread one over the rubber blanket, and with George Brown's, who sleeps with me, we have three over us so we are quite comfortable when in tent, and keeping good natured, as we do mostly, we enjoy ourselves and our quarters.

In a letter mailed the fourteenth, the day after the battle, I give a brief account of the battle, that the folks at home may know that I am safe, but in this eight page letter of large sheets, I give a more detailed account.

We left our camp Thursday, the 11th, expecting to cross the river, but marched only one and one half miles, and with many other brigades, were held in readiness, but were not called upon to fight. We came back to camp about dark, and went about getting something to eat, but were called on to march back again. We had nearly reached the position left a short time ago, when a rumor came that Fredericksburg was evacuated and we were

again marched to camp through the mud, but with gay hearts, with orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice.

Friday, the 12th, we were routed at 4.30 o'clock, ordered to get ready to march at eight o'clock. We went across the river among the first troops, stacked arms near the river above the pontoon bridge. We took quarters in some old, open buildings near by and I, with some others, crawled up to the floor above for the night. This building was much riddled with shell from the cannonading of the previous day, and the floor was very open. I suffered with the cold and got up and went down at three o'clock, kindled a fire and made two fire cakes from flour that I got in the city. The cakes were not very rich, being made of flour and water, but tasted good and especially when, on the field of battle, I laid down on my back and ate some of them.

Saturday, the 13th, we were on the march through the city at about nine o'clock, going to the lower end of the street, where we waited with other troops. While in this position we were constantly under fire. Minie balls were flying and shrapnel shells bursting among us, sending their myriads of little balls on their errand of death.

The second day before the battle our batteries were stationed on Falmouth Heights, or the bank of the river, when some two hundred guns shelled the city, and the rebel works with great vigor. The roar and pealing of the guns exceeded any play of the artillery of the Heavens that I ever listened to. It was terribly awful, and yet wonderfully exhilarating. Much damage was done in the city, but how much to the rebels and their works, we know not. This terrible artillery fire helped to make it possible to lay the pontoon over which we and other troops crossed one and two days later. These guns remained in position until after the battle and during the

terrible firing of the rebels, our guns also put in their work, many of whose shells burst among us because of being improperly timed, or imperfect fuse. No doubt many men were wounded or killed by them.

Saturday morning while we were laying in our first position, on the side of the hill, (after crossing the river the day before), the 12th New Hampshire Regiment came down over the hill on the Falmouth side, the band playing "Yankee Doodle." It was a great long column of men who had never seen service, brave and defiant in their attitude. The head of the column had got on, or across, the bridge when the rebel guns got their range (as they easily could do for they could plainly see them from their position as they came down the hill on the Falmouth side), and planted several shells right among the men who were at the Falmouth end of the bridge, wounding several. It was surely a serious, hazardous affair but nevertheless, it caused a feeling of levity to see the men skulk and seek shelter in such a hurried and frantic manner as they did. I thought of a brood of chickens when the old hen raised her cry of warning against a hawk. Not a chicken could be seen a moment after. So with the 12th Regiment boys, they got to cover hurriedly. The ludicrous thing to my risabilities was the sudden change from the column formation of that splendid Regiment, marching to "Yankee Doodle," to an effort to see who would hide first. I hope I may be pardoned if I appear to do injustice to those brave boys who did such good service at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.

I recall seeing the Regiment lying in the road shielded as much as they could be in an open street. I was up and alert in this position in full view of the position of the enemy.

At one o'clock we were ordered on to the field. We filed to the right, going up a short street. Here, our first

to be wounded, Charles Lane, was struck. Filing to the right, and obliquely, we went on to the field amid terrific musketry and shell, missiles of death. Their infantry were behind intrenchments and big cannon crowned the crest of the ridge known as St. Marye's Heights. All of these belched forth their constant fire and shells, which did terrible execution.

From the river the ground gradually rises until the foot, or base, of the Heights is reached; then an abrupt, steep slope fifty or more feet is reached on which crest are the cannon, while at the base of the Heights is a sunken road (a natural fortification) filled with infantry who had full view of us, and (as I understood) another line of rifle pits filled with men, all of which made it seem an impossible barrier to troops crossing the field over which we were ordered to march. We were ordered to move right obliquely, which movement would expose our whole Regiment to a direct and yet raking fire. We were covered for a little by crossing a ravine and then we came to a board fence, or fences, for the land was divided into small farms, fields or gardens. We were ordered to lie down behind the first fence, but how the bullets and shells made havoc of that fence, and to me it was the most trying time of the day. Crash, crash, pat, pat, whiz, whiz, everything seemed going to destruction. One of my mates, lying near me, seemed in terrible mental agony, groaning and taking on. Perhaps I felt as badly as he but I kept it to myself. I felt that the hand of man or any earthly power was unable to save me, and I appealed to my Heavenly Father to save me, if it were His will. But, soon we were ordered up and forward. "Be firm and brave boys," rang out from our Colonel. We obeyed, marching in line of battle some one-fourth of a mile, amid the terrible fire, our comrades falling as we went, until we got into our position behind a little rise of land which seemed formed for us. If we kept laid down, or very low

on our posterior, we were out of the way of the solid shot and shell if they did not explode over us, which they often did. We reached this position at one thirty o'clock. Our company and most of the Regiment kept in the fight until dark. Reinforcements in large numbers came up, and in the rear of our position. When we went forward in line of battle, my position was next to the color bearer, which I did not fancy was safe; but our colors were not hit, neither was I. My position in the ranks was in the center of the Company, which I held during the afternoon, except when I crawled to some wounded or dead man to get his cartridges, or until the last reinforcements came to our position, or when I could get no more cartridges. Capt. Patten was lying down a little to my left, feeling ill. He complimented me on my behavior. I had fifty rounds in my cartridge box, which I used. A few feet to my right a man was killed by a shell, and I crept to him and got his cartridges he had left, twenty-five. I used what Jesse Bean had after he was wounded, also got some of Manson Brickett, after which I got plenty more from reinforcements. One fellow sat down behind me who had one hundred rounds and I used more than one half of them, and then got enough from a Lieutenant to make more than two hundred which I used during the afternoon. Each time I fired, I aimed to hit some one, but I cannot affirm what the lead did.

Jesse Bean was some two feet to my left when he was hit, and others around me received wounds. Sergeant Nealey also near me, received a mortal wound through the body. After using all my cartridges, I laid down on my side and arm, and partook of the cake which I had baked in the morning. I gave some to Jesse and George Brown and it relished good.

I was some tired and my knees were wet and covered with mud, for I was on them the most of the time, except

when I wished to aim at some place, which, on account of other heads, I could not reach.

I know that God was near me, and I felt no fear worth naming. When going on amid the screams, the thunder bolts, bursting of shell, and whizzing bullets, I felt a dread but that soon left me. I tried, no I will not say that I tried, for it did not require much effort, to keep cool and composed in mind. Of course I had to be active and much in earnest to fire two hundred rounds from one-thirty o'clock to five-thirty o'clock. We were constantly expecting the Rebels to charge on us, and they did come over their works two or three times. I also expected that we would make a charge first, before dark.

The fight was going on for seventeen miles and was severe and the carnage appalling. This was a time to try what men were made of, for all true men do not behave the same in times of danger. There is no doubt but what many shrinking, fearful men are so constitutionally made up that they cannot help acting as they sometimes do. One of my men, a Corporal, and a fellow always well made up when in camp, inclined to feel himself a little superior to some of his equals, acted cowardly. He was in my rear and hugged the ground until I felt obliged to threaten him if he did not get up and behave more manly. Another young soldier, when he fired, would not rise far enough from the ground so that his ball would go over the heads of those in front of him. I felt the whiz of his bullets, and was obliged to threaten him in severe terms.

As we were going on to the field and nearing our destination, a Pennsylvania Regiment that had been on picket, came rushing pell-mell through our ranks to the rear. No threats or sabre lashings could stop them. Such a scene was rather demoralizing to a new Regiment, but it made no difference.

We pressed on to our position. At about six o'clock I

detailed three men to assist me in carrying 2nd Sergeant Nealey, who was mortally wounded, from the field to a Hospital. The Regiment had just retired to the rear and I supposed Patten, with the Company was near. We placed Nealey, who weighed one hundred and eighty or ninety pounds, on a blanket and started to the rear. It was dark and we knew not where we were nor where to go to find a Hospital. The Rebels, I presume, thought we were retiring, and with redoubled efforts, opened on us. Never can I forget the scene, or obliterate the horrors of that hour. The cannons were belching streams of lightning; solid shot fired point blank, striking the frozen ground ricocheting with streams of fire in their wake, and seemingly heating to a fiery molten color, the terrible missile of death, making more terrible the scene; shell bursting all around and a perpetual storm of leaden hail enveloped us, from which there seemed no escape, and I said to myself, how hellish it seems; demons let loose with all the conceivable influences of that place where the fire is never quenched, could not have made more horrid the scene. I feared for the lives of us all and told the men we had better lay Nealey down in a corner and wait for the firing to cease. We did so and directly a shell burst in our midst, fragments hitting two of the men, and I said, "Boys, we may as well be killed carrying Nealey, as waiting here."

Supposing our Regiment was in the vicinity, I ran about calling the name of the Regiment and to this call came many responses from poor, wounded men of our own, and other Regiments, begging me to help them, from all of which I was obliged to turn away, and return to my own charge.

Such, Oh! such, are the heart rending scenes and experiences after a battle. A cold, drear night; poor bleeding, dying boys, to whom no one could bring relief; the powers of the rebellion with their demon like missiles

of destruction, making such merciful errands impossible. We started again with our heavy load through the deep mud to find, we knew not where, a Hospital. In the darkness and through fields, over fences we went on until about ten o'clock we reached a street, and Hospital, which was nearly a mile from where we started. It was the hardest task that I ever undertook. The blanket would tear and necessitate our stooping over. Poor Nealey! we tried to be careful, but Oh! how he groaned with pain. He lived about five weeks.

We hunted up our Regiment which had taken quarters at the upper end of the city. I stopped in the Colonel's quarters where our slightly wounded were and there I found Jesse Bean, George Brown and Charles Rowe, who had a good bed made up for me on the floor. I ate some more of my good cake.

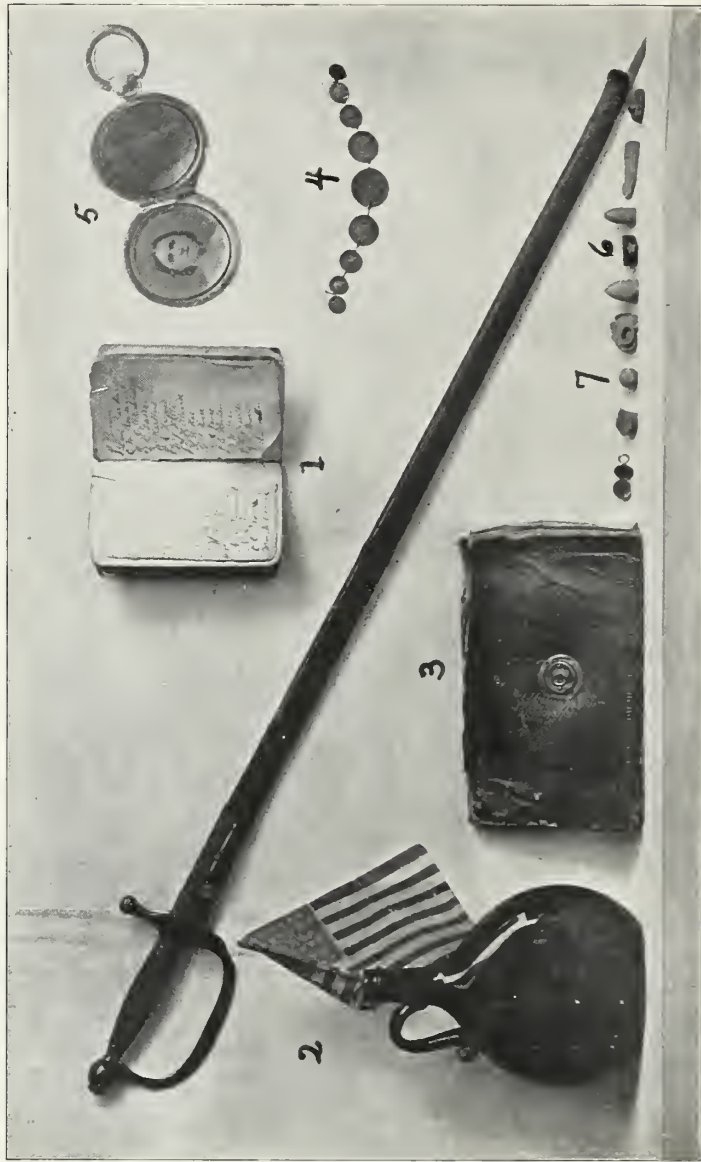
About eleven o'clock I went to bed, but was routed at one o'clock, for the Adjutant General brought orders for us to go on picket, near where the fighting had been. We were about ready to start when the Adjutant General returned, telling us that he had got us relieved. We crawled in and slept until morning.

Sunday, the 14th, I did some cooking and looked after the wants of Company I. The Regiment were on picket that night near where the battle was fought, and remained in that position until the next night, (the 15th). About midnight we left on the double quick, believing that all the other pickets had withdrawn and we were forgotten. We recrossed the river to our old camp. The troops had all left the city but the pickets and before the next morning, the Rebels were in full possession. Not a Sergeant or Corporal, I think, was fit for duty, but myself. The Captain was on the sick list; 1st Lieutenant detailed in Commissary department; 2nd Lieutenant, wounded; two men killed; twenty wounded, and some missing.

In this narrative, I speak of the number of cartridges which I used. It seems incredible, but after firing one hundred, my gun was so foul and kicked so badly that I tore up my colored pocket handkerchief and swabbed it out, thus making it possible to fire so many. I also tell a little tale which causes me a little confusion of face. I must have fired away my ramrod for in attempting to reload, I looked in vain for it, but there were plenty more at hand. I brought away from the field, the night we were on picket, a colored bottle with the handle on the side, and a Sergeant's sword, as mementos or relics from that hard battle. I now have these in my possession.

While engaged in the fight, I figured out the plan of the battle, as it seemed to me, and since reading the report of Burnside's plan, I found myself not far from right. I understand that Franklin was on our left with orders to attack in force. Burnside having learned that Lee's right was weak, and Hooker being on our right was to attack vigorously the heavy line of Lee's left. Hoping and expecting that this attack would be successful, he had massed Sumner's grand division in the center, (where we were), and with a determined attack with a large body of men expected to carry St. Marye's Heights, and set Lee running, or capture his forces. So, I say, earlier in this account, that I was expecting before night to face those frowning heights with their terrible armament, at charge of bayonet, but Franklin disobeying orders attacked a picket line, with a picket line, and before he could get up his reserves, the Rebels were reinforced and made it impossible to take the position. So we in the center and right had to take the long afternoon hammering we received.

In my letter of January 1, 1863, I acknowledged the receipt of a box of cakes and confectionery. It was a large box in which there were many small ones from friends at home. We went on picket. Our head



1, Company Roll Call Book. 2, Sword and Bottle I got from battlefield of Fredericksburg, the day after the battle.
 3, Portfolio carried during my service. 4, A Watch Chain made by me at Camp Chase, Arlington Heights, Va.,
 from 50c, 25c, 10c, 5c and 3c pieces. 5, Locket containing the picture of my wife, carried during my service.
 6, A Ring made by me from a large black button, and inlaid star cut from a three-cent piece. 7, Several Minie-
 balls, and round balls in perfect condition, also flattened by contact with wood or stone.

quarters were in the Lacy house on the brow of the bank overlooking Fredericksburg. I noted that I had a door knob from the house to send home, also an ivory from a piano key from the same house.

Rumors of moving are in camp. My letter of January 8th says, we are on picket again and have had a review of twenty-five thousand men. It seems that another attempt at battle was started about the 22nd, but a severe rain storm made the moving of troops, cannon and wagons impossible. We were on picket during the storm, and in the morning we saw batteries stuck in the mud in the road a little way from the Lacy house.

My letter of January 29 tells of being on picket again in a hard rain and snow storm, and in the morning, wading back to quarters, a distance of two miles, in six inches of snow.

We hear of Hooker superseding Burnside in command of the army, and hope for much success.

February 1st. We, as a Regiment, are going on picket again. A bakery is being constructed for baking bread, which looks as if we were to remain here a while longer. I hear that Jesse Bean is no better; that Sergeant Magoon's arm was amputated; that George Brown is gaining.

February 5. Nine of the company went on picket with Lieut. Currier. I remained in camp in charge of company; took them on dress parade in the afternoon. I have not written much of camp life here at Falmouth. The location is cold and bleak. When we first located here, there were plenty of woods near by, so we had all we needed without much effort, though we burned it green. It was mostly hard pine and oak. A large camp like ours, consumes a great quantity of wood, so as time went on, we had to go further for our supply. One wagon-load per day, per company, was too small a supply as much was needed at the cook tent, and at this time of

writing we are obliged to bring on our shoulders, green wood, a mile to camp, which was very fatiguing. For water, we went about one half mile.

We had reveille at daybreak; fall in for rations at breakfast time, when the boys, at my call, would come out of their tents with tin plate and dipper in hand, march to the cook's quarters and be served with the delicacies of an army menu, sometimes rice, (mostly scorched or slacked-cooked), soup, boiled salt pork, a potato once in a while, salt "hoss" frequently, beans often, hard tack a plenty, a pint tin dipper of coffee with plenty of sugar, varied once in a while with a vegetable preparation. Once in a while I drew whiskey and dealt out small amounts for each man, with quinine in it.

Next was surgeon's call. When I would go into the company's street and call out, "Fall in for surgeon's call," the lame, sick, and often those not really sick would fall in and march with me to the surgeon's tent for treatment. He had the power to decide whether a man was fit for duty or not. So by his orders, I would mark against their names, the initial letters indicating his orders. His decision was not always correct. He was imposed upon a good deal, and for this reason did not use good judgment in some cases. For instance:—A good old man, the oldest man in our company, Benjamin Brown, had been quite feeble, yet doing duty without complaining. The surgeon got the idea that he was "playing it" as the boys say, and would not excuse him. This morning which I have in mind, he fell in for surgeon's call and feebly marched with others to the surgeon's tent. Dr. Ross, who was our physician, blurted out "You here again: I'll fix you so you will not come any more," or words to the same effect, continued his speech and said, "Sergeant, put him on full duty." That afternoon we opened a grave on the borders of our camp and tenderly laid our old comrade Brown in it. A victim of

the cruel treatment of one who was paid for keeping men well, and alive. This incident nearly cost him a court martial and loss of position. For my part in this affair, I refused to put him on duty, and reported the thing higher up. Then came orders from division, or brigade, headquarters for a detail of officers and men for guard duty of various kinds for picket, fatigue, etc. I made my detail and saw that they reported to the place ordered. Often we had company drill in the forenoon, and dress parade in the afternoon with occasional brigade and division drill, which constituted the daily round with the exceptions on account of weather, or other reasons.

Of course dinner and supper were served the same as breakfast. Roll-call came every day, and as I would go into the Company street before bed time to call the roll, it was expected that the men would crawl out of their bunks, fall into line and answer to their names; but generally, I would tell them that if they would answer promptly when their name was called, I would excuse them from falling into line.

The last act of the day was taps sounded from headquarters. All was supposed to be quiet, but many a scene of revelry, of real fun or of serious harrowing nature, of discipline, of service, many a night campfire in front of some comrade's tent, talking over home days and about loved ones, of adventure, of battles, picket daring, and discussing future campaigns which soldiers always forecasted, politics, etc., all helped to make bearable the soldier life.

CHAPTER VI.

My letter of February 10 is devoted mostly to an account of our trip from Falmouth to Fortress Monroe, and a description of the beautiful scenery of water and land, passed through.

We left Falmouth, our old camp, the 9th and got aboard box cars, in and on top of them, and are going to Aquia Creek, the head of the Potomac. Here we got aboard steamers and schooners and were towed through the beautiful country to Fortress Monroe.

February 13. My letter is mailed from Newport News, where we have arrived and are to make our home for a while. We see the hulls of the Congress and Cumberland, destroyed by the Merrimac last season. Also, a Monitor and other war vessels in the bay. We are camped near the shore and back of our grounds is a forest of large pitch pine trees. This is a level country, and food is plenty. Apple butter, cheese, cakes, pies, cheap. Oysters plenty, good and cheap, twenty-five cents a quart, but I say, I have no money with which to buy them. My appetite is so good that I am troubled to get enough to satisfy it.

The letter of February 18 relates in part to the receiving of boxes from home for the boys. Mine from my wife contained several kinds of food, etc., all of which was spoiled. This was quite a disappointment for I had been looking for it for a long time.

I here describe our condition in a rain storm. The covering of our tents being new, they leaked like a sieve and we found ourselves lying in a pool of water. We

have constructed some good tents. The pitch pine trees are so straight grained that we can split them into two and three inch plank, and with these we build up the sides and ends two and one-half feet, and we have A tents issued. These we pitch on top of the plank so our quarters are about seven by eight feet with the ridge pole some ten feet. My old mates are with me.

In the letter of the 25th, I state that Col. Harriman has returned bringing his wife. We have been in a Corps review, truly a grand, imposing sight. Several women witnessed the review. To see women is almost like the visit of angels, so seldom do our eyes feast on such "visions." We also went on dress parade. We have built a chimney of brick in our tent, and a cosy little home have we. We have prayer and preaching meetings, and Bible class at the Chaplain's tent, which helps the morals of the command.

In my letter of March 5th I write, there is a man here from Candia by the name of Brown, who came for the remains of a 10th Regiment boy. I send home by him the brown glass jug, to which I refer in my letter on Fredericksburg battle.

Capt. Patten is still at home. I write that I weigh more than ever before, one hundred and eighty-two and one-half pounds. There is much sickness. An epidemic of measles. I took four to the hospital this morning. Some of the men are lonesome, low spirited, and becoming sick without any disease, and some give up and die, while I was never in better health, and good spirits. A soldier's rations of a loaf of white bread does not satisfy me, and I beg of the boys whose appetites are not as good.

I have considerable camp duty, drills, etc., and an Orderly Sergeant is a busy man for he really has charge of the Company, making details for guard and police duty, Company reports, etc., etc.

As this is a rainy morning, March 11th, I did not order the men out for surgeon's call, but went to each tent taking the names, and carrying them to the surgeon's tent.

The 13th. Charles Wason, my tent mate, started for home today, on a fifteen days' furlough. I am now in command of the company. Lieut. Currier is on picket. I took the company on dress parade. Think of a 3rd Sergeant in command of a company on dress parade!

Two men returned from their furloughs. The 3rd division have gone from here to Suffolk, where the Rebels are reported to be.

The 18th. I have received a box from father which contained brown bread, flour bread, apples, ginger snaps, butter, cheese, cider, popcorn, pies and sausage. All came in good condition and tasted good. I say, "Well, Millie, if I were an officer, I could attend a grand ball on board the steamer, Mary Hudson, tonight, and have the pleasure of mingling with blacklegs, officers, and the fair inmates of Norfolk Brothels. I expect it will be a high time and many will be beastly drunk before morning." With shame, I must confess that there were many of this class among our officers from Generals down, and our Regiment was not exempt either. Men, who when at home seemed pure and gentlemanly, sons of Christian parents, college graduates, and of the higher walks at home, now indulging in frequent debauch, staining their lips with filthy whiskey and vile profanity. No wonder we had to suffer the long, long war through for their debauches. Dare I tell it? Yes, I will, for it is God's truth. When going on the field of Fredericksburg, led by the gallant Col. Harriman (whom later they tried to court martial), our brigade and division commanders were skulking behind a brick kiln, under the influence of that vile stuff, and pointing to the advanced position, ordered us to take it, while there they remained so far as

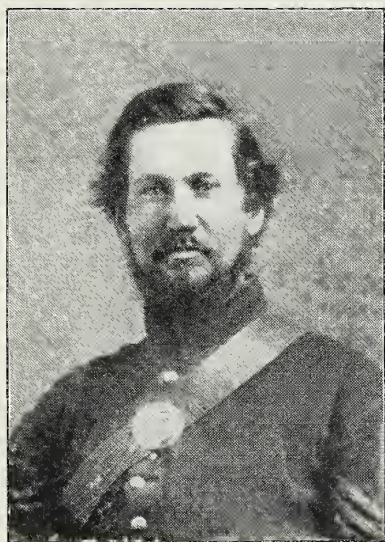
we know, for as I recall, we did not see them until a day or two after. This is but a specimen of the many orgies of our respected officers, whom we were expected to honor and obey. I am more ashamed and humiliated to know that officers of my own 11th N. H., and Co. I, were brought to their quarters more in the condition of low brutes than Christian men, which some of them professed to be. I would not write this for the public eye to read for my pride in the grand old Col. Harriman's 11th, would restrain my hand.

Lieut. P. Heath has returned from a furlough. The 24th, drilled in company and battalion, played ball, etc.

CHAPTER VII.

Thursday, March 26, at 8.45 p. m., we left Newport News, arriving in Baltimore, Friday at 2.30 o'clock. We are going by rail to Cincinnati. A part of the day was spent waiting for transportation. While waiting in the depot, I partook of some of the brown bread and sausage which Mother had sent me and how good they tasted. I noticed a man watching me as I ate my lunch, and finally he got courage to speak to me and wanted to know what I was eating. I told him and he tasted of the bread, and said he was a baker and had heard of Boston brown bread but never saw any before.

We were loaded on cars and were transported via B. & O. railroad, over the mountains to Cincinnati and we had the usual experience incident to an army moving across country in box cars. We behaved like soldiers, sometimes taking more liberties with movable things than citizens would be warranted in doing. We enjoyed the scenery of the country through which we went. As one familiar with it, must conclude, our transportation was a little faulty for we were in box cars with board seats placed across the car, and without backs, and at night those who could, stretched out on the seats, and the remainder laid underneath "heads and halls." In some cases it seemed difficult to decide which were one's own legs, or the other fellow's, we lay so thick and mixed up. The bottom of the car was rather hard for flesh and bones, but we were only soldiers away from home and comforts, to save a Nation, and no matter if we were treated with less consideration than were the mules, sometimes we reasoned.



C. C. PAIGE.
Taken at Cincinnati while enroute to
Kentucky, 1863.

In due time we reached Cincinnati, and now the 31st, I am writing from the above place. My brother David, who resides here, learned of our coming and was at the station looking for me. He took me to a restaurant and ordered a nice meal of mutton chops and the things to go with them. I went to his home with him, and saw Sarah, his wife, and Glenna, the little girl.

I expect the regiment will move on toward our destination, Lexington, Ky., but I am granted a furlough of a day to stop with David. Charlie Wason has returned.

I should say, that supper was furnished us by the people of Pittsburg, as we passed through that city, and we were also fed by the citizens of Cincinnati, and coffee was served us at various places along the route. Sister Sarah filled my haversack with all the good things it would hold. I started from there Friday morning and rode eighty miles on the cars to Paris. On arriving there I learned that the Regiment had left three hours previous, so with four other of the boys, we started for Mount Sterling, twenty-two miles away. It was a very hard march considering that we had done but little of late, and I had a heavy load. Brother David weighed it at his factory before my leaving, and it weighed seventy-five pounds. I got some help on the way. My feet were sore, lame and blistered.

Sunday following, I went to the village church and partook of the Lord's Supper which was a sweet privilege.

We are now after the Rebels, who have been over-riding this country. Mt. Sterling, Ky. Letters April 5, also 8th, describe the country, people and weather. The rebels are not far away in soldiers' clothes, and nine out of every ten, in citizen's clothes are rebels in this locality. The Guerillas were in force about here not long ago.

Capt. Patten has returned from his furlough. The 12th I began this letter in the Methodist church where I was attending a religious service, supposed to be a Rebel

church. I say that I begin this letter while they are going through the preliminaries before sermon, but I tried to be worshipful during devotions and the sermon. My comments on the sermon are, that it was not much of a sermon, and little more than repeating scripture. He did not say a word about us soldiers, or the Nation (and there were quite a squad of us in attendance); but our Chaplain made the closing prayer, and it was a right smart union prayer. We went with our equipments.

April 15, I indulge in a seven page letter on large sheets written from Mt. Sterling. I write of the people, the conditions of the country, somewhat of my own constancy to the cause in which I enlisted, my views of Christian patriots, and my purpose to be right whether easy or hard to do so.

Winchester, Ky., April 19. We received the first mail for three weeks, I think.

We had dress parade, followed by orders to move at one o'clock tonight, the last not the most pleasing. We got up at twelve o'clock, and started at three o'clock, went eighteen miles to the above town. After marching half way, our knapsacks seemed too heavy and our company left theirs, and I with a few of my company stopped with them. After a great fuss I pressed a team into our service by paying three dollars, and got them carried. However, I had a great time getting it. The man tried to frighten me out of it by showing me an order from the Post Quarter Master which he sent to him, and by stating that he should want a writing to show that I had entered his house with armed men and forced him to send a team. Also, that he would be in Winchester this week to see about it. I told him I was ready to meet the order in town, also that I would sign what he wished to write, and did so, the substance of which was as above stated. Then I offered to pay him what he wished to charge for his services. He tried not to set a price but I was deter-

mined that he should do so. Finally, he said three dollars which I paid; I then asked for a receipt which he gave me.

The officers in camp, such as Colonel and Major, and others thought I out-witted the old Rebel, upholding my course, and I could not be hurt for it. I relate this incident as an illustration of the many phases of soldier life. I fear many soldiers would not have been as considerate with him as I was. Might is not necessarily right, out of the army or in it. We were tired and needed help. We were protecting his and other property, and it was his duty to aid us so far as he was able to do so. We were willing to pay him for the use of his team, and when he refused to do his part, my reasoning is, that might was right in this case.

More union citizens are found here than in the last town. I have been to church today, and heard a good union sermon, after which, partook of the Sacrament, followed by excellent remarks by the minister.

The 26th. Sabbath day. I enter this letter to show how another Sabbath, and many another in the past, is occupied. I am not going to town as we are to have a service on the ground by our Chaplain at three o'clock. We have had inspection this morning and have dress parade in the afternoon. This morning, Sunday, is a great day for the negroes to come to camp. They manage to save chickens, butter, eggs and other edibles, such as the soldiers will buy of them and bring to camp early.

This morning the boys got all the negroes into line and marched them up and down through the camp, furnishing each with a stick of wood for a gun, the negroes grinning and seeming to enjoy the sport until the boys begin to play tricks and abuse them. One thing which they do is real cruel; it is to place a negro in a blanket and then keep swinging and tossing him until they toss him several feet in the air, and when he comes down

repeat the action, excepting when they fail to catch him, and he strikes solid on the ground, a root or stone hurting him terribly.

The New Yorkers enjoyed a dog fight. Fun and frolic seem to be prevalent. One man in my company, a Dartmouth man, the most slovenly, lazy soldier in the company, had but just drawn new clothing, and was lying on the dirty ground near the cook's fireplace, his new pants burst out at the seat. Another soldier, one of the youngest of the company, of very opposite make up and habits, full of fun and mischief, enjoyed hectoring man, No. 1. So with a long stick, he began to prod him as he would a big dog lying around the fire. This ended in a fight. My duty as Sergeant was to see that order was kept, and I parted them, and ordered man, No. 1 to his tent. Instead of obeying he began to curse and threaten me. I reported him to Captain Patten, who ordered me to have man No. 1 report to his quarters immediately, which orders were obeyed. A short trial resulted in the Captain ordering me to place a rail and knapsack on the man's shoulders, and under charge of a Corporal, march up and down the color line for six hours. Man No. 1 threatened that the first time we were in battle, he would shoot me.

I replied, "I have no fear of that, for you will not get near enough to shoot me." Poor fellow was killed on picket line.

My second letter in May, dated the 10th, from near Lancaster, Ky., gives a detailed account of the marches, &c., for the last few days. Sunday, the third, we had orders to march the next morning at seven-thirty o'clock. We went fourteen miles and I assure you that I was wet with sweat if I ever was. So profusely had I perspired that my knapsack on my back, was wet. We got into camp at five o'clock and got our tents fairly pitched when a hard shower broke on us, and continued at times all night. The next day we marched twelve miles, passed

through Lexington. It rained today and we absorbed some of the rain; the roads are muddy. The next day we marched seventeen miles, crossing the Kentucky river. Here I describe the beautiful scenery, which needs to be seen to properly appreciate its picturesque, grand appearance.

It rained pretty hard the last of our march, also all night. We got a team to carry our knapsacks part of the way. It broke down six miles from camp, and the three of our boys who were with it, managed to get into camp sometime after dark. Lieut. Currier and I got our company into an old school house for shelter. Henry Rowe and I went to a house nearby and got supper, and permission to stop in the kitchen where the family slept. The good, motherly woman spread two pieces of carpeting on the floor and placed two kitchen chairs, backs up for our pillows, then got a nice woolen blanket to put over us. We slept in our wet clothes, our feet near the fireplace and enjoyed a good night's rest. The good woman regretted that she could not do more for our comfort, but we were truly grateful for what she did do for us. She furnished us breakfast for which we paid her seventy cents. This family has been obliged to leave their home twice, when the Rebels were there, who robbed them of all they had left. I enjoyed my short visit with these good people.

We started about seven o'clock and marched fifteen miles in the rain. The next morning starting at eight o'clock we marched eight and one half miles. We expected to make a long stop here, and went about clearing and fixing our camp, to make it pleasant and comfortable. This is Saturday, and today we have had orders to march at seven o'clock. We went back to the place where we stopped two days before, on the other side of Lancaster. It is rumored that Morgan is threatening this locality, and we shall be needed to meet him. We

have had an active week as noted above, and for new troops the men have got along well. To be sure our feet are sore and blistered, and there has been plenty of rain to keep us cooled down, save the first day mentioned.

In this region are many fine farms, and quite thickly populated, so we have been able to get our knapsacks carried some of the time by paying some citizen to do it. I say of myself, that I am standing the exposure finely and the fatigue splendidly; that I am tough and hearty; cheerful and have no fault to find. Rumors are rife in camp that we are going farther south in the state, also to Nashville.

In a desultory letter written in two or three installments, dated near Lancaster, May 12th, I refer to camp life, home, our need of trust and hope, and then the way some of our officers conduct themselves. Shameful are their lives and example. I send a message to Father Cheney, that I have a lip which cannot easily become flexible. My pluck is pretty large, that is, it seems so to me.

An incident occurred in camp today, which would not receive the approval of good citizens, were it enacted at home. We have what are called Sutlers, assigned to, or following along with the different Regiments or Brigades. They have a nicely gotten up rig like a peddler's cart, in which they carry a line of goods, not so much what the men need as what they want to purchase, especially things to eat, many of which are injurious to the men. When we are stationed at a place for a few days, or weeks, they do a fine business disposing of a lot of goods. Some of these Sutlers are fair and considerate in their prices but many of them almost rob the men, selling for a big profit. Human nature will bear about so much whether at home in civil life, or at the front among the soldiers.

In this letter of the 12th is an account of the retribution

fallen on a heartless Sutler, for while I am writing the boys are cleaning out a Sutler (for that is the way we speak of it), and they will get all of his goods, and in most cases there is no recourse for him, as the officers know of his hardness of heart.

In this part of Kentucky there are many very nice, intelligent farmers, well to do, and owners of many slaves. They read their Bibles and find therein divine approbation for slavery. They are well posted in much of national affairs and I have frequent conversation with them.

While in this camp, Charlie Wason and I were given a pass to go into the country to get something to eat. We started out across the fields, and about three miles from camp, found an elderly gentleman of the "manor born," sitting on his porch, wearing on his head the familiar, broad rim hat. We accosted him in a respectful way, making known our errand, whereupon he bade us come up and take seats with him, for he would like to talk with us. He then said his women folks were away to a funeral and would not return until night. If we would wait until then, we probably might get supper. We felt a little shy, not feeling sure of the honesty of our Landlord, but desire for something good to eat overcame our fears and we waited. He told us of his ideas of slavery, his treatment to his own slaves, that two of his sons were in the Rebel army, but that he did not favor secession, yet his sympathies, I judged, leaned toward the south. He expressed his pleasure to find some union soldiers of intelligence who were able to talk, and posted on national, as well as other questions, and men who respected the rights and property of others, saying further, that there had been soldiers along, lately, who treated him disrespectfully, and from whom he had taken pay for food and it seemed to wound his feelings and ideas of hospitality to do this. He said that he had never before

taken pay for a meal. When his wife returned she got us a supper of corncake and bacon, &c., which relished well. We bought of them, some butter and milk, paying for them what he asked. He urged us with much earnestness to come again and see him.

I will continue my story about this man, Jesse Emery by name, though ending months later.

In a week or two we longed for more corn cake, milk, butter, &c., and obtaining another pass, we made our second visit to the Emery mansion. The old gentleman received us in the kindest manner and almost the first thing he said, after giving expression to his pleasure at our coming, "I have been ashamed ever since you were here the other day, that I allowed you to pay for your supper." "Now," said he, "I want you to stop and eat some of my supper with me," and we could not refuse, so after a long chat we sat down to an elaborate meal, enjoying it and his hospitality very much. Then he filled our dishes with milk free of charge, and sold us some butter and other needful things. He demanded of us a promise that if we ever came into that country again, we would come and see him.

After our Vicksburg campaign, in the last of July or August, we did march through this same town on our way to Knoxville, and camped a mile nearer Mr. Emery than we did before. I was in command of the company so could not get away, but gave permission to two of our boys to go over to Mr. Emery's for rations. They asked for food and got it. Then he inquired to what command they belonged, and when he learned that they belonged to N. H., 11th, he said, "Do you know Sergeant Paige of Co. I?" and upon being assured that they were members of my company, he was greatly pleased and had prepared for me two rations of splendid bacon and corn bread, &c., which the boys brought me together with his urgent message to come over even if I had to follow on after my

Regiment had gone, but I could not do as he wished, or as I would liked very much to have done.

A splendid specimen of a true Southern gentleman, was Jesse Emery. I regret even to this day that I did not correspond with him until his death.

CHAPTER VIII.

The last letter I wrote from Kentucky was dated May 17. The next, June 9, on board a steamer going down the Mississippi. In the mean time, I have enjoyed the great privilege of going home on a furlough, and being with my dear ones for two weeks. How those precious days were spent need not be recorded. None can doubt but that up to the extreme limit of time and ability they were faithfully filled with blessing. And then, O! the pangs of another separation. When the other parting occurred, the experiences of each were untried and we did not know much of the dregs in the bottom of the cup. But now, we know that sorrow, deprivation, suffering, exposure, perils of all sorts surround our way. We have had a taste, yes, more, we have felt the pangs; we have entered into the valley of the shadow of death; we have learned the merciless horrors of battle; the hidden satanic cunning of picket duty; we have drunk the poisons of the swamp, and experienced the need of proper food; we have experienced the exposure of storm, of rain and snow; the bleak, piercing wind; the mud; the searching rays of the sun; and better than before, we know what awaits us, or at least partly so.

We part, seemingly, with deeper sorrow than before. This last letter tells of its poignancy. But thank God, we part with new resolves, with loyalty and patriotism intensified through suffering, to dare or die, aye, rather to do and die if need be. Greater, harder, to bear will the future experiences be, but a firmer belief in the right and the certainty of its vindication, nerves the arm and fills the heart to do our best under God.

The loneliness of the past year will have darker shadows in the future days of her separation because of this short respite just enjoyed. I know that the activities, the hazardous scenes of the field will tend to deaden the acuteness of my sorrow, but to her comes no such boon. Thousands like her, with proffered sympathy only make more acute, by oft repeated tales of fear, the solicitous memory of their soldier boys.

That spectre of the future, emphasized and emboldened by memories of the anguish already experienced, nearly unnerved the dear ones. The patriotic enthusiasm so prevalent and stimulating at the first, was an absent factor at this parting. The crisis past, I draw the veil o'er the scene and I am again with my comrades as above stated, drifting down the Mississippi.

CHAPTER IX.

We left Covington, Ky., where I met the Regiment on my return, (or rather where we came soon after my going to the Regiment), starting down the Ohio Friday the 5th of June. We arrived at Cairo, Sunday. Monday we boarded a splendid steamer together with the 35th Massachusetts, and a Battery. Our trip down the river was eventful in little incidents interesting, as the first trip under such conditions would be.

I did not like to drink the dirty, roily, river water, especially when the manure, filth, &c., from our steamer and many others, were dumped into it. Later experiences taught me how to prize it.

We stopped at several landings and I went ashore in every state we passed.

Near Snyder's Bluff, Miss., June 17, 1863. The right wing of Grant's Army. As we came down the river we bore to our left, up the Yazoo river, and shortly after went out into the Mississippi, down to Young's Point, opposite Vicksburg.

Monday morning, we marched across the point near the Canal dug to make a new channel for the river, thus allowing vessels to pass Vicksburg without danger. We crossed the river three miles below Vicksburg and began to fix up tents, when in the afternoon, we recrossed the river, returning to Young's Point, and here beside the river, near dark, pitched our tents. From this place we could look into the besieged city, and could see the large shells as they were thrown from the big mortars on the boats. It was a grand sight to see the huge balls

revolving in the air, on their errand of destruction, the burning fuse showing us their course, then watching for the explosion. Some of these, so far as we could see, caused no damage, while others set fire to some combustible material. This hammering was almost incessant, giving the soldiers and citizens no peace nor security.

After we crossed from the Louisiana side, three miles below Vicksburg, we were then on Grant's left wing. We got to Young's Point and crawled in at about nine o'clock, expecting to get up and start at twelve o'clock, but did not leave until eight o'clock a. m.

We embarked on the steamer Omaha and with the rest of our division came up the Yazoo ten miles and landed at a place called Snyder's Bluff, two miles from Haynes Bluff. We slept on the boat in the rain.

Wednesday morning, the 17th, we marched four miles toward Grant's right and nearer Vicksburg. We are now on a bluff eight miles from Vicksburg and have seen the position which Sherman took. He could not have taken it by assault. He came up in their rear and surprised the Rebels so that they left guns and ran. There were many guns captured. I say, that it was an awful hard place to take and I blame the Rebels for being outwitted.

Our Soldiers are within two hundred yards of the enemies' works, around the city, and nearer in some places. Johnson is not far from us, and the men around this place were in line of battle yesterday, expecting him to attack.

The weather is very warm, or hot. There are plenty of blackberries here and I have picked some. We have found some nice spring water to drink.

June 28, I write my birthday letter which is more or less sentimental and consists of four pages of foolscap, so I will copy but little. I refer to our rations as being small and not very good. I bought fifty cents worth of flour yesterday, for Charlie and myself, and Leonard

Dearborn, the Captain's clerk and cook, is going to make some biscuit for us, as he has a stove.

We are ordered to have forty more rounds of cartridges making in all one hundred, three days' rations in haversacks, and two days' rations at the commissaries, so as to be ready for a quick march, I suppose. Our corps is intrenching around for a long distance so as to make our position stronger against an attack. We have confidence that we are all right against Johnson. Grant is steadily at work against Vicksburg, night and day, and the thundering of the mortars and cannon is distinctly heard. There was hard fighting one day last week. We hear that Col. Harriman has resigned and gone home.

I write that Brother David made me a present of a nice dirk to carry in my belt. He thought I would need it down here among the southerners.

July 1. Free Ridge, Miss. Last Monday we marched ten miles to this place, the hardest march we have had yet, considering the temperature and dusty road. We find blackberries plenty, and I got two quarts today.

Thursday, two of our boys and I called at a house where there were three young ladies and we spent some time in conversation with them. They were strong "secesh" as we term it. I said, "I suppose that your lovers are in the Rebel army?" "Yes," they replied. "If they were not, we would not own them." I said, "You want them to kill as many of us fellows as they can, don't you?" "Yes, of course we do," they replied. We laughed and chatted in a good natured way and bade them good bye. They invited us to call again for they said, "We like to talk with you." They were quite intelligent and ladylike.

We are in a position to operate against Johnson should he at last, attempt the desperate move to interfere with Grant's investment and relieve Pemberton. We are under strict orders to remain in camp to be ready at once to

move. We have intimations of good news from Grant, and then our part will be to try to intercept Johnson. I say I have received four good letters and enjoyed reading them very much. This morning we had a still greater cause for joy. Gen. Potter of our division told us that there was no doubt but what Vicksburg had surrendered, and this morning we learned that it was a fact. Some thirty thousand prisoners were taken and one hundred and fifty guns, &c. We gave three rousing cheers, and was it not good news indeed. Is it not glorious that on our national independence day the Gibraltar of the Mississippi should surrender. It actually surrendered the night before and what a blow to the Confederacy.

In the whole affair the Confederates lose fifty thousand men and two hundred guns. I say, God be praised, and may we all take courage. Johnson is in a precarious position. We may and shall fight him if he does not move rapidly. We marched four miles last evening in the dark, I eating hardtack and thinking of my wife and home scenes, contrasting the manner of celebrating the day. Camped in the woods. Charlie Wason and I lay down on some rails after eating some pork and hardtack, and had a good night's rest.

Sunday morning, the 5th we moved two miles and rested in the woods. We heard that Johnson was engaged yesterday and badly whipped. It does not seem much like Sunday. There is much bustle and almost every other man is occupied differently.

Some are running round for plunder, others washing, getting water to drink, cooking, eating, playing cards, reading, writing, sleeping, chatting, killing striped backs, and most every other imaginable thing that one might do. This camp scene would be an interesting one for our northern people to look upon. Here a little squad gathered under the shade of a tree, some lying down reading, others sleeping. Under another tree, others are writing;

another, mending his clothes, another eating, and a little way off men are gathered around a fire with a piece of pork on a stick, broiling it; others roasting corn and cooking coffee; still under another tree, one is sitting with a piece of pork in one hand and hardtack in the other, feasting on both; another is eating the roasted corn, &c. You would laugh, I think, to see these varied scenes of camp life, but might ask to be excused from being a party in the play. But we are cheerful, full of fun, and happy. When Charlie and I were sitting on the bed, made of rails, on which we slept last night, eating our pork and hardtack, I said to him, "Isn't this nice," and repeated the old adage, "Home is home, if ever so humble," applying it to our improvised bed. I really think we are more cheerful and happy than you people are at home. I am more happy and contented here with my privations, fatigue and exposures than when at home with my friends amid comfort and plenty. Then I little realize my privileges or their worth, while now I see plainly all that and also need of making the best of what I have here.

I shall send you the wings of a blue tail fly from this place.

July 8, 1863. Here. But I hardly know where we are.

Wednesday. After I wrote you Sunday, we marched three miles and stacked arms, waiting orders. We remained there until yesterday, when at two o'clock we started to cross the Big Black river, two and one half miles from where we stacked arms. It was a terrible warm day. We went across a plain, or river bottom, a mile wide, and no air stirring. The men suffered terribly. Many fell from sunstroke and fainted. After crossing the river we marched over another such bottom, and I have not seen men fall out as during this last mile. Capt. Patten came near having a sunstroke, but after crossing the plain, I got him into the shade and took care of him until the ambulance came along and took him in.

The Regiment having marched on, I was a good distance in the rear but hurried along, overtaking them halted to make coffee, at about seven o'clock. I was warm and heated from my extra exertion to overtake the Regiment and my clothing was wringing wet from sweat. I had but little time to rest or make coffee, as the Regiment soon moved forward until midnight through the woods, but such a night's march has seldom been repeated in our army experience, not because of fighting or picket duty, but the rain, thunder and lightning, mud, darkness, swearing, laughing, &c., &c. Oh! Oh! my letter gives it in much detail. It rained, thundered and lightened for two hours to beat the record so far as we had kept it. I say that the peals of thunder were awful and the lightning so incessant that one could read almost continuously by its glare. The rain came in torrents and the roads were soon deep with mud by the many feet paddling over them. They were greasy and treacherous, causing the men to slip down into the clayey mess. The men with their rubber blankets, white tent pieces, &c., over their shoulders, all reeking wet from sweat and rain. Charlie and I carried two tent pieces each, enabling us to have a cover from the storms, but tonight, others got under our roof and Lieut. Currier got in also, or part way, and in his attempt to be in away from another shower in the night, crowded all four of us up hill, and I found myself outside the tent in the morning. Strange to say I am all right. I ate a good breakfast, marched ten miles the next day, and on our way to Jackson, where we expect to find Johnson. Charlie Wason has a bad sore on his hand and is in the hospital. This letter was written in sections. Now it is the 15th.

My next letter was written the 18th, a general letter to allay the nerves of the dear ones until I found opportunity to write details of the operations of the last few days.

On the 19th I wrote the letter just referred to, and it must have been quite interesting, perhaps exciting, as they read it. Also the fact of writing very fine and closely on eight small bristol board cards, two and a quarter by three and one-half inches, which I took from the Rebel printing office in Jackson.

Although a lengthy story I feel obliged to give it nearly as written on the cards, to do justice to the affair. Here I will say, is another quite different experience from my previous one, which helps in the large range and variety of those experiences.

About one and a half miles out of Jackson, Miss. This Sabbath morning, July 19th. I will write you a letter and whether it be long or short, you can tell when you have finished reading it. As my sheets are small, I cannot easily tell how long my letter will be. Since giving you the story of our crossing the Big Black river, and the night march in the rain, we have done some marching each day, until Friday the 10th when we came up with the Rebels some three miles out of Jackson.

A line of battle was formed at four o'clock p. m. Our forces skirmished some two miles, driving the enemy into their works. Our Regiment was thrown out as picket on the left to prevent any flank movement by them. We were relieved a little before dark, and advanced two miles, lying down for the night.

At nine o'clock, we marched two and one half miles around to the left of our line, where we remained until the morning, as reserves. I remember distinctly about how my bed was constructed, also that it rained that night.

I took two fence rails, laid one end on a little elevation, perhaps on the lower fence rail, the other on the ground so arranged that the rain would run off more readily. On these, or between them, or both, I lay down covering my body with my rubber blanket. At three-thirty in the

morning we were ordered to the front, and took position on the crest of a ridge lying between the woods in our rear and those occupied by the enemy, a few hundred yards apart. From this crest the land sloped toward the enemy, making our position very open to them. This position we occupied until the next morning.

I was personally in charge of the picket line for some distance, placing men five or six feet apart, which position we maintained all day under a scorching sun, and the fire of the Rebel sharp shooters, and picket line. We were obliged to lie flat inbetween the hills where corn had been raised last year, and watch our opportunity to fire. We could not see them as they had places built in the large live Oak trees to shield them from our fire, while others hid in the woods among the trees. I lay with my loaded rifle pointing to where I last saw a puff of smoke, and as soon as I would see it, would fire, but they were too well concealed, at least those I fired at, for I failed to dislodge them. I kept up this style of fighting until past noon, when I decided that for me to expose myself, by my own smoke was reckless and uncalled for, so I placed my blanket roll at my head to shield me a little, if possible, and said, "I will keep holy the Sabbath so far as I can." As I lay there in the scalding sun, three sharp shooters had my range and if I moved, three bullets would pass me. It was serious business. Some bullets would pass, cutting the air like a knife. Such causes one to cringe, for had it hit at the head, it would have gone through my body; others with a zip which we did not relish; while others went by singing, awheh, awheh, awheh, which would provoke a laugh from the veteran soldier. My letter reads, that under these conditions I took out my Bible and read and tried to lift my heart to God in prayer. I felt the need of his Grace to keep and assist me, so I spent much of the time in meditation. The day wore slowly away, but seemed a long one.

After I ceased firing, the Rebels seemed bolder and about three o'clock, Benjamin's Battery of our division got in position down over the hill in our rear, and sent some twenty pound shell over to my neighbors in the trees. Never did a friend receive a heartier welcome. I jumped to my feet, swung my cap and cheered. How good the sound of that gun sounded I cannot tell you, but "Johnny Reb" crawled to his hiding for a while, but soon commenced his killing work, and so the day wore on until dark. To go back to our picket line. I could not remain in one place until later in the forenoon and afternoon, for my duty was to rally, encourage, and keep the men to their duty. It was a hard, trying service. Some were brave, but overcome with heat, some wounded, others overcome with heat and fear, who must be dealt with, and my line became so thin, that where I had a man every five or six feet, there would be none in three times that distance. This condition, and the boldness of the Rebel sharp shooters, taxed my courage, patriotism and Christian devotion to the cause, until I exclaimed, "I'll stay here on the line, if I die." To get drink or food, we would run to the rear as fast as we could, risking the flying bullets. At dark we dug pits for those who were to relieve us.

I advanced our line toward the Rebels, leaving a part of the detail in the old, and placing others in the new position so near the woods that we could hear noises made by the Rebels to decoy us, or draw our fire. I also placed a vidette, a rod or more in advance of this front line to watch for a crawling upon us, and a surprise. I spent the night walking back and forth along the line of men, keeping them awake and alert. It was a terribly dangerous place. As I said, they used devices to draw our fire so as to expose our position, and then rush on the men who had no charge in their guns. They evidently had a rope tied to a bell which was at some dis-

tance from the man who operated it, and to show the desperation of these Rebels, the next night, the 6th N. H. occupied our position, and because they were not alert and watchful, the Rebels rushed on them and bayoneted two men. The Rebels seemed busy in the city and inside their fortifications; something special was doing.

We were relieved at three o'clock in the morning, having been on duty in this place twenty-four hours. We retired some six rods into the woods to act as a support. We were all sleepy and tired, but I could hardly get to sleep. However, I did get to sleep once, but was awakened by the command to fall in as quick as possible. The rifles were popping away at a great rate. We fell in and waited orders but the Rebels who undertook a charge on our skirmish line were repulsed, and retired back to the woods. After waiting awhile we lay down again but the bullets flew in among us all the time. We were relieved the next morning after being on duty seventy-five hours, and under fire all of the time. I say, there was a fierce cannonading both by our batteries and those of the enemy, while we were lying on the field above described. Screech and bang would go the shells over us. Again I say, that I never feel better than when I am in such an affair, and when I can hear our guns playing away briskly at the Rebels. We lay idle for two days resting.

Thursday morning at two o'clock we got up and went to our former place and relieved the support. Bullets whizzed over our heads all day, but I had dug a pit so that I cared but little for them, but the Rebels fired a few shells among us which made us wink a little. We were called into line at about four o'clock p. m., with the intention of making a charge on the Rebels, so to advance our lines, as it was believed by our Generals that the Rebels were evacuating. So when the second signal guns were fired, the charge was begun on the right, but

did not extend far. The Rebels had not left their works and poured a volley into our column, and the charge was abandoned. The Rebels lost a good many, so the citizens later informed us. While we were in line waiting for the signal guns, and I had taken my position at the right of our company, the Rebels threw a forty-two pound shell which struck the ground twenty feet in front of me, and exploded, which made us snap our eyes. We slept pretty well tonight, or a part of it, for we got up at two o'clock and went into the pits, relieving the outposts. At six o'clock in the morning, we were ordered out of the pits, and forward, to ascertain if the Rebels had evacuated or not. We went on at charge bayonet; receiving no bullets we thought they were reserving their fire until it would be most effectual. But on we went into their picket lines, and finally over their works, to find them evacuated except a few stragglers which we picked up. The old forty-two pound gun was left, all loaded to give us another salute. Our Regiment was the first to enter their works, and the city, but as our color bearers were behind, the 35th Massachusetts claimed the honor, raising their colors on the works. I assure you that there were many happy hearts as we leaped over the works, finding the enemy gone from them, and then skirmishing down into the city, we picked up in all some five hundred Rebels. There was a big fire raging which had been set by the Rebels, and before night others were started, and in this way the city was nearly destroyed by the citizens and our soldiers.

The citizens take this time to reek their vengeance on some neighbor, and lay the mischief to the Union army.

Our boys got plenty of sugar, molasses, tobacco, and other things, but little other food stuff. I and a few of our boys got a boiled dish dinner at a house.

I took from a deserted house which had been broken into by the Confederate soldiers, a beautiful volume of

Mrs. Hemans' poetical works, also some glass thread, a novelty to me. I note that I sent this glass home in a letter, also the cards above referred to, and some envelopes made from brown wrapping paper, three of which I sent home, also a copy of the Mississippian, a weekly paper printed in Jackson.

We moved back to our quarters of the 15th. Johnson is reported on the way to Alabama. He crossed the river out of Jackson hurriedly and we gave up the chase, as he had railroad transportation and we had none, and as we would have to move through a Rebel country.

I refer to a new suit of clothes which I had on, and how they must have looked after rolling in the mud several days, also how dirty we were for we could scarcely find water enough to drink and that was so thick with mud that one-fourth inch of it in a dish, would prevent our seeing the bottom of the dish. I say, that I was not so dirty looking as might be supposed, for I sweat so much that I could easily wash my face in its streams.

After referring to the exigencies of a soldier life as above related, and comparing the state of his mind with those who are at home, (our dear ones), I say, I am sitting on a bucket, leaning against a tree in the very best of spirits, happy as the singing birds with certain exceptions, with bright hopes of a good future and many happy days with my better half.

Omitting some of the more personal sayings and reflections, advice, and wishes concerning my wife, the story on the little cards is told.

My next letter written from Mildale, Miss., July 23, is in order, though short. We have returned from Jackson and have had one hundred miles tramp. We helped to send Joe Johnson's army out of this part of the country. Have seen much of this part of the state and basked in its beautiful, balmy air, refreshed by its gentle showers, and Yazoo drinking water; have lunched on the green

corn and fresh beef, and visited some of the mansions; have become saturated with its malaria and mud; are filled to the full with the fine dust which would rise like clouds as we marched along the roads.

On our march out to Jackson, doubtless we left many a remembrance not pleasing to the owners of the large estates along our way. Like Sherman, we lived on the good of the land when that good could be obtained. The white people had fled to the swamps, leaving their negroes in charge of the home, thus inviting plunder and destruction, and much was done.

My next letter, written from Mildale July 23, is short and furnishes no matter for this paper further than to say we have returned from Jackson.

Letters of the 25th and 29th, also furnish no data, but my diary furnished a daily record of the eventful march back and so does a letter, written from Covington, Ky., Aug. 15, give a full account of the campaign, more minutely than does my card letter.

Monday, the 20th, we started at four-thirty a. m., on our return march. We came twenty miles, stopping a while at noon for dinner which I will describe.

The Quarter Master drove a herd of cattle along with the army, and as soon as we halted for rations, he would shoot several creatures, dress and distribute almost while the meat was quivering. Each Regiment would be supplied with this kind of beef, killed when the creatures were overheated and panting, and to each company and man, was dealt out a ration. We would kindle a fire, broil the meat by holding it on a stick over the blaze, and for desert, we would go to the corn fields which seemed plentiful, gather green field corn and roast it on the coals. Splendid rations on which to march under the scorching rays of the Mississippi sun, and in our heated condition.

I was carrying quite a load in my knapsack, besides my usual load, I had the Mrs. Hemans book which

weighed several pounds. It was this day that the men met their severest trial. As we were ordered in for the afternoon march, many failed to respond, but later in the day started, coming into camp late in the evening.

Tuesday the 21st, we started at four-thirty a. m., marched fifteen or more miles. I said above, that this, (the 20th) is the hardest day's march we have experienced, but today we have suffered more. It has been hotter and more tedious, our feet are sore, and my heel felt every step, as if a thorn was pressing in and drawing out. We stopped on the way for lunch, and between two and three o'clock started again. Many of the men did not fall in and as we went on, men fell out until in Company C not a man was following the officers, and in my company, three or four besides me, were following Capt. Patten and Lieut. Currier, who had an old mule which they rode alternately. My ambition was gratified on this day's march. Orderly Sergeant Lyford of Company C, and I had not openly challenged each other on the matter of endurance and soldierly conduct, but an unspoken rivalry was a fact, and up to this day, neither of us had fallen out on the march, but after marching a while this afternoon, the heat was too much for him, and he raised his hand and with gesture which denoted emphasis, and a swear word to make it more so, said he would not go another step for the whole country, and then I wickedly laughed and plodded on. It was too much for man or beast. We got into camp about nine o'clock p. m., and camped within two or three miles of Big Black River.

Wednesday the 23d, started at four p. m. We crossed the Big Black river, and immediately after crossing it, a terrible shower struck us, which was worse in the volume of rain by far than any we had experienced, and my letter says, in a minute or two, we were wet enough, and in ten minutes the road was three inches deep, all the way across it, with running water. It rained until dark, and

the gullies, where no water ran before the shower, were now in some instances nearly too deep to wade. The road became quite muddy. We plodded on until ten o'clock, then were filed off into a field where corn was raised the previous season, and where the mud was still deeper than it was in the road. There we camped, or stopped. A negro camp follower had come into camp with a fence rail on his shoulder, which I got, cutting it in two lengths, and laying it across the corn rows, it raised me a little from the mud. I took off my boots and socks and lay down on my bed (on or between the rails) and for a pillow I used my old hat. I spread my wet rubber blanket over me and stopped there until light the next morning.

I could not jump up as sprightly as usual. When we went into camp it was very dark, and as a matter of course, we knew nothing where to get wood or water, but the boys found a fence nearby which they used for fire wood. I had a small quantity of water in my canteen with which I made some coffee. This I drank, and without supper, as I remember, went to bed as described above.

We started at sunrise the next morning, marching eight miles to our old camp at Mildale, and I say truthfully, home never looked better to me than did our old camp.

It is no time or place to boast, indeed there is never such a time or place, but to state facts as they exist has the flavor of boasting of one's accomplishments or deeds, but I was in my place every day leading the company and looking out for its welfare, as my position demanded. I would make the remark in answer to something said by some officer, that when I fall out or leave the company, they all might as well stop. While in line after the first dress parade, after returning to Mildale, the Adjutant read some very complimentary orders from Gen. Grant,

Gen. Sherman, Smith and Park. They were quite flattering. We were praised for our good behavior and soldierly bearing, for our heroic and brave conduct before the enemy, and generally for our prompt action wherever we were placed. We are ordered to inscribe on our battle flag, Vicksburg and Jackson. We fear that the western boys will be taken down a pace at this order, however, they all admit that we fight well.

CHAPTER X.

We remained at Mildale until August 6, doing camp and picket duty. Many are sick with malarial fever, and the 5th, we sent them off on the boat up the river to the hospitals. We lose more men from sickness in this campaign than in all our service up to this time. The water is bad, even the spring water. People either drink cistern or Mississippi water.

I am feeling badly from the poisonous air and conditions here in this country, and from the excessive service of this campaign. We marched some four miles to the boat and I could not do much more, and think if I had remained here a week longer, my name would have been with those who have left enroute for some hospital, but thanks to my hardy constitution and ability to look out for myself, and the great kindness of God, I escaped that experience.

We had the usual experience of troops on a transport coming up the Mississippi to Covington, Ky. We arrived at three o'clock this morning of the 14th, and had rather a rough, uncomfortable time last night on the cars, as we could not lie down, without lying partly on one another. As I said before our ride on the boat was uninteresting in a way; scenery not particularly pleasing along the river, and on board the boat we were much crowded, having four Regiments and one hundred and fifty horses on board. The boat goes slow. Stopped at Memphis and I went ashore and got something to eat.

Two of our Regiment have died since starting and quite a number are sick.

Arriving at Cairo, went ashore and Companies D and I unloaded our stores.

We started for Cincinnati on the cars, at eleven o'clock and got supper at Centralia, eighty miles from Cairo. We changed cars at Sardovel eight miles farther on, and got dinner at Vincennes, Ind., at eleven o'clock, and had supper at Seymour. These notes are for Thursday, the 13th. Until the 27th, we remained in camp at Covington and enjoyed the stay very much except that the weather was unusually cool and we were uncomfortable nights. But little duty save dress parade. Many visitors from the city. I have been to David's several times and have stopped with them two nights. He has been away so I did not see him until Saturday the 22nd.

Thursday the 27th, we were ordered to move, and about noon took the cars for Nicholasville, Ky., one hundred miles away. I took a severe cold last night and do not feel very well. Arrived at Nicholasville at two o'clock a. m., got off the cars and slept on the ground until morning. We started again at noon and marched four miles. Fixed up my tent today, and got Charlie Wason into the hospital. He is threatened with fever.

Sunday the 30th. I went some one and a half miles into the country to get some milk and eggs to make a custard for Wason. Water froze here Saturday. Quite a sudden change for us from Mississippi weather.

Sept. 8, near Nicholasville. I am writing from the Captain's tent as I am in command of the company. The captain has gone home for conscripts and the Lieutenant is absent on leave. I have to take the company on dress parade and other drills. We moved this morning at six-thirty o'clock. Marched sixteen miles. Lieut. Currier returned to the company in time to go with us.

The 17th. Moved at eight o'clock and marched ten miles. We passed a place on a hill called Wild Cat, where a fight occurred a few weeks ago.

The 18th. Moved at six o'clock, marched ten miles to within two and one half miles of Loudon.

Sunday, the 20th. Had inspection and dress parade. I am acting Sergeant Major. Our new Chaplain gave us a sermon today. He has recently come to us, the former one having resigned.

I have attended guard mount as Sergeant Major for the first time. Adj. Morrison returned yesterday. We hear that Bragg has whipped Rosecrans.

I sent to brother David for our Company's overcoats. He stored them for us in Cincinnati this summer.

Cattle and horses are passing here in great numbers, also troops. The rest of our Brigade have come up. We seem to be occupying an out post station in the foot hills of the Cumberland range. It is a wild, rough country, much like the rough part of New Hampshire. I have a large tent, the fly of Lieut. Currier's. Charlie Wason tents with me and we are fixed up quite comfortable. In this locality are farms, and we do not think it at all out of the way to dig some of the farmer's sweet potatoes, or gather their apples for them, or appropriate a nice pig if we can catch him. Charlie and I have made attempts at such foraging.

Lieut. Currier has gone home on a furlough, and I don't know whether I will be ordered back to the company to take command or not. My duties are many in this place as Sergeant Major. It is not all work with us, and we have much recreation in various ways.

Today, the 10th, some of the officers and I went out squirrel hunting, three miles from camp. We got six. I had never seen the fox squirrel before. He is larger than the gray. We got dinner and supper at a house on our way, and spent a part of the evening there. The next day, Sunday, I was invited to the officers' mess to eat squirrel with them.

Our Chaplain held service today, also prayer meeting in the evening. I attended both and took part.

The 15th. Our Regiment team returned today with clothing for the men.

The 16th. I have been busy today on clothing rolls, and getting ready to move. Besides attending to Sergeant Major's duties, I keep the company's books and attend to all the business of the company. Lieut. Currier wished me to do it while he was away.

The 17th. We got ready to move at ten o'clock but did not start until three o'clock. Went nine miles.

18th. We started at seven-thirty, marched six miles. It rained quite hard until noon.

19th. We stopped under some sheds last night and got our clothes well dried. Started at seven-thirty this morning; went nearly one mile south of Barbersville. This is the last village on our way to Cumberland Gap, thirty miles away.

20th. Started at nine o'clock. Our march was along the Cumberland river, very rough and mountainous.

21st. We stopped near the ford today. We are waiting for a train which we are to guard. It rains today. Pine mountain is near us.

22nd. We lay in the same camp today. The train has come up. Six men were hung near here a year or so ago. A destitute country. We marched ten miles today in a hard, driving, cold rain storm. The roads were heavy with mud and water. My boots had large holes in them and every time that I stepped the water would run in and spurt out. We were, of course, very wet and cold. We got shelter, at least my company did, in an open barn; dried our clothes by a big fire in front of the barn, and crawled into the corn fodder and slept like pigs all night.

To go back a few days to a letter written from Crab Orchard the 12th, reference is made to uncle Jesse

Emery, as I called him, who treated me so kindly while near Lancaster, and his memory of me when the boys went to his place for rations. This letter gives general information of the happenings for several days.

Again to return one day or so, to a letter which gives more details of our waiting at the ford than my diary does. We arrived here, Wednesday night, after marching sixteen miles. That night a telegraph dispatch came ordering us back to guard a train, as there was a force of Rebels coming on. Two-thirds of the regiment went back six miles, that night, and there received orders to return to camp and wait until the train came up and guard it to Knoxville. As before written we moved on to Cumberland Gap. This is an interesting location. I say in my letter that I am going to put my foot on the spot which marks Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. This I did not do but rather placed my hand on the stone tablet which marks the place. It was also of interest to us of the 9th Corps, because of the capture of two thousand fine Georgia veterans, a short time ago. This place was held by these Confederate soldiers and blocked Burnside's path to Knoxville. He placed a force of raw Indiana soldiers, which we named Infants, on the northern side of the Gap so as to prevent the Rebels from getting out of the Gap that way. Then he mounted ten thousand infantry, marching farther south through a gap in the mountains, coming up in the rear of the Rebels, from the south, and so bagged them that they had no alternative but to surrender.

As we were marching up the Gap these Georgia Rebels passed us under guard, going north, and such an angry, insolent horde of men, I never saw before. They said it was humiliating after being marched from one state to another during the war, so far, and never having a chance to get into a battle. To be captured by those Indiana Infants was too much for their Southern blood.

One day this week Parson Brownlow and daughter of Knoxville whig fame, passed us enroute for Knoxville. He spoke a few words as he was leaving. The following were some of them. "My parting advice to you is, that you never take a Guerrilla prisoner, and if I had my way about it, no other one. Shoot them." He is an intelligent, spare and careworn looking man, and his daughter, was rather tall and not very good looking. I have a copy of his paper called Brownlow's Knoxville Whig and Rebel Ventilator, which I obtained while in Knoxville. I have already written about the roughness of the country, and the bad roads, but I fear that I may not be credited as truthful if I tell all we know or have experienced going over the mountain. One incident, or a series of them, will suggest what it meant to feed, clothe, furnish ammunition and all needful supplies for an army about Knoxville. The mountain seems to be a mass of shelving limestone ledges, which have a good cleavage. I have seen the wagon master stand at a place where there was a square step of a foot over which the wagons must be hauled, and with his long black snake whip, as it was called, heartlessly applying the same and yelling, "yea there, yea there," and supplemented by the driver, who rides on one of the wheel mules, the mules leaping for dear life would bring the wagon up over the step in the ledge, excepting in cases where the mules would be killed by such exertion (and they are not few.)

Saturday, the 24th, we passed through the Gap at twenty-five minutes of one o'clock, having gone only six miles.

Sunday the 25th, we marched seven miles.

Monday, the 26th, we went sixteen miles passing through Tazwell. This place had been partly burned by the Rebels.

Tuesday, the 27th, we made fifteen miles passing through Maynardsville.

Wednesday, the 28th, arrived in the suburbs of Knoxville after a long and tiresome march. Our rations while on the march were rather scanty. The day before reaching Knoxville, we were all out of bread stuff. Charlie Wason and I had a bag of coffee, perhaps a pound; we went to a house, way in from the road where some person of foreign birth lived and there traded our coffee for a part of a loaf of bread, and went off by ourselves and ate a part of it. Many of the boys had none to eat and it may seem unkind and heartless not to have given the remainder of our loaf to others who had none, but if you knew how insistent I was to have the boys fill up their haversacks with hardtack when they would start on a march, and how they would disregard my orders, not wanting to be burdened with the load, you would not blame the man who had carried along his rations for not giving to these shiftless ones.

Our wagon train not arriving until sometime after we reached Knoxville, we were destitute of food. It might have been amusing, or it might have excited sympathy, for the poor soldier, had you seen Charlie and me shake out the crumbs from our haversack onto the clean grassy sward, and then lay on our stomachs and pick up the dirty leavings of bread, pork, beef, &c., and eat them.

I recall that near this place we found a woman who would bake us some biscuit and we got a dozen little ones for twenty-five cents.

As I previously said, much of the company business devolves upon me, and also much regimental work for the Sergeant Major is to the Adjutant, what an Orderly Sergeant is to the Captain of a company. Soon after the teams got in, I went about the muster rolls as these must be made out in order to get our pay, and they served as a record of the army on which our chief officers based their reports and by which they were able to plan campaigns. This work was quite laborious in detail, and if

I am allowed to repeat what my letter to my wife said, "My rolls were made out more promptly and in better shape than those made by some line officers." The reports of the Adjutant had to be forwarded to Brigade Headquarters, and this was a part of my duty as Sergeant Major.

Well, about our camp; soldiers, like folks at home, are usually interested in their quarters, and we began to fit up ours. We were in the midst of a hard pine grove, with small sized trees, and these we cut and made log houses, or at least the lower part of the walls, stretching our tents over them. We had ours well along, when conditions changed our plans, and hard work went for naught. As just noted, I carried Regiment and Company reports to Brigade Headquarters, and this morning, the 14th of November, I went to the city with the intention of going to Loudon with our reports. Our Brigade is there.

I found that the train went two hours earlier than usual, because Gen. Burnside and staff had urgent business there, so I had to go back to camp and the next day at one p. m., I took the train and went to Loudon.

CHAPTER XI.

I will now begin the detailed account of the retreat of Gen. Burnside and of the siege of the city of Knoxville as related in a long letter sent to my wife after the siege was raised.

The operations in Grant's army around Chattanooga were assuming much interest, and in rather a critical condition. Bragg was manoeuvring doubtless to crush Grant. Jeff Davis had sent Gen. Longstreet to his aid from the army of Virginia, a force of thirty thousand of the best troops of that army. The political condition of the country was a matter of great solicitude and Kentucky and Tennessee seemed in the balance. Both north and south needed her help and for that reason in part I suppose we were sent into that country. Jeff Davis was especially anxious to clear out the northern soldiers, so ordered Longstreet to go to Knoxville and drive out or capture Burnside's army. No move of the Rebel forces could have been made which would have pleased Grant as well, for it would make it possible for him to fight and win a victory over Bragg, which later he accomplished. Longstreet started for Knoxville, some eighty miles away. The fighting and retreat commenced Saturday the 14th of November. It seems that Longstreet had reached the river opposite where our forces were on the 13th, and put down a pontoon in the very front, and in the face of Gen. White's command, and if reports are correct he was not ignorant of what was being done. It seems that part of the enemy's forces had crossed the river by daylight, and an order had been given by our

Generals in command to Gens. White and Potter to retreat, and a stampede was the result. The trains, artillery and infantry were started for Knoxville, a distance of twenty-five miles. The trains had got a good distance away, the artillery and infantry a few miles, when Burnside and staff arrived on special train from Knoxville, and immediately changed the order to about face, and sent a force back from Lenoir to near Loudon to hold the army in check. However they were too strong and forced our men gradually back near Lenoir, when those of the 23rd corps were relieved by the 2nd division of the 9th corps, who held the Rebels in check for some hours. Having business for our Regiment at Brigade Head quarters, I went to Lenoir today (Sunday) at one o'clock p. m. Our forces were then holding the Rebels but apparently preparing for a retreat, which commenced that night, the second division covering it. It was a very interesting, vivid and exciting scene to me. I had a few hours to wait before the train started for Knoxville, and to witness the manoeuvring of troops, the break-neck rush of batteries, the rush and hurry of baggage wagons, the firing, in fact not a camp parade but an actual war manoeuvre and fight, (and) was more than I ever expected to behold and not be a participant. It certainly was exciting, but as prudence is the best part of valor, I crawled into a car nearly filled with sacks of grain and rode down to Knoxville, arriving there at eleven o'clock. We passed artillery, infantry trains, and also wagons burning so as to destroy them, for they needed the horses for the artillery. It was an exciting, eventful ride. The Rebels followed and skirmished with our forces until they were two miles below Concord, and fourteen from Knoxville. A field fight took place, and the enemy tried to flank our forces. It is reported by many officers that an army was never manoeuvred in a more splendid manner than Gen. Burnside directed this.

He was hard pressed by a superior force of the best confederate soldiers, and without artillery to retard this march, while Burnside had heavy twenty pound guns to save, and also a train which he was finally obliged to destroy to get the mules to haul the batteries. The Rebels suffered badly in the terrible charges on our guns, shotted with grape and canister. Our estimate of their loss was four hundred. Our forces fell back, Monday night, and part of them reached Knoxville by morning. Skirmishing was continued today. Our forces fell back and established their lines across the city some five miles in a half circle, each flank resting on the Holsten river, also on the south side of the river.

The 11th we were called up by the long rolls at five o'clock, Monday morning, and moved from camp toward the city, some half a mile and formed in line for battle, fronting towards the Gap, for report said a raid was expected from that direction. We had got nicely asleep in the evening when we were ordered to change our position, some one-half mile to the left, and throw out pickets, which order we obeyed. Being broken of my rest last night, I was sleepy and laid down by a fire and slept until morning. We remained in nearly this position until night, when we were ordered to join the Brigade which was in camp in the city. It really seemed strange when we marched into the city so crowded with teams and troops, the camps all aglow with camp fires. I thought of the counter we played in surrounding and holding the Rebels at Vicksburg, when now they were outside and we in. We have rifle pits dug, and fortifications thrown up and have a very strong position.

Today, Wednesday, we were ordered to send out on picket one Captain, six Sergeants, ten Corporals and one hundred and sixteen men, and the remainder went into the rifle pits. The enemy is in our front and at our left and seem to be making round to the right. There has

been a charge by the Rebels on our left, but it was repulsed in good shape. There has been artillery firing today. Gen. Hartranft is building a dam across a stream near our pits so as to overflow a ravine in front of our lines, and thus aid us in repelling, or preventing a successful charge. The line is very quiet and I slept well tonight.

Thursday the 19th we sent one hundred men on picket. It has been quiet all day with but little firing. We are really in a besieged city, each day expecting that the Rebels will make an assault on our works. I think it will be a sorry job, and do not fear much their ability to capture our position, but if they do succeed with the seige, it will be by starving us out.

Friday the 20th, we changed our position across Gay street on the heights beyond and occupied some pits newly dug. We worked today improving and strengthening them. A strong position. It is with difficulty that a man can climb the hill in our front and with a pond of water from two to six feet deep, at the base, we feel quite secure from a successful assault.

Sent on picket today eighty-five men.

Saturday the 21st. Eighty-five men and two Lieutenants. The 2nd Maryland Regiment fell back today as they have done before, losing ground. They do not show good metal. We are molested but little; the enemy open on us once in awhile with their artillery, which calls forth a speedy response from ours. I suppose that very important operations are going on in Rosecrans' army, also in Mead's. We hear various rumors. We may get help in a week or two. We have a good quantity of rations on hand and are constantly having them replenished from the other side of the river.

Sunday, the 22nd, it has been quiet most of the day; little picket firing. A few shells were thrown to one of our forts toward evening doing no harm; also a few into

our picket line; the day is fine and it does not seem that a fierce foe is so near us, waiting for his prey, but it is true.

I hope, however, that it will prove with them as with Haman of old, that they may suffer the evil they are planning for us. Time is the great revealer to man. I wait patiently for the verdict. We sent on picket seventy-five men, two Lieutenants.

Monday the 23rd. We awake to find ourselves all right and in apparent safety. I have to be up considerable nights, standing guard, and in one and another capacity. We have to work very hard, the men being out every other day, and on other duty most every intermediate day.

The 2nd Maryland and 48th Pennsylvania were driven in from their position this evening which made a bad thing for the rest of their line. The Rebels gained a good position and much distance towards our works. We lost some men; one was killed in Company B and two others in the Brigade. Our folks burned a number of buildings between the lines to prevent the Rebels' pickets occupying them. The scene from our elevated position was grand and exciting. A beautiful, bright moon was giving her part to the play, and the burning buildings lighted up the country making a scene for the eye beautiful to behold. The play was made more realistic, entertaining and exhilarating by the display and roar of exploding cartridges, bursting shell and bombs, which were started in an old grist mill at the base of the hill in front of us.

A miniature battle without the carnage accompaniment, the rush of men to the charge, or blood-curdling yell of the oncoming enemy. I shall not soon forget the event.

Tuesday the 24th. The 21st Massachusetts and 48th Pennsylvania Regiments went out soon after light and

charged on the Rebels' pickets, driving them back to their former position. Three men were killed in our Brigade, and one in Company B, and another wounded, one taken prisoner, Corporal Whipple, Co. C. Farther up on the line to our left in the 1st division they suffered considerably.

A Michigan Regiment charged on the enemy's rifle pits but were forced to retire a little. The morning was quite foggy making it favorable for our side. Since morning all has been quiet, the weather stormy. As a matter of course, we kept in or near our pits in the former part of the day lest our pickets should be driven in. The enemy appear to have a large camp not more than a mile from, and in front, of us. We cannot conjecture their movements, but are constantly on the look out for an attack by them. We sent on picket this morning seventy-one men, two Lieutenants, and tonight forty-four men and Lieut. Everett, the last as a reserve for the weak place where the Rebels advanced last night

Wednesday, the 25th. Sent out ninety-six men, one Captain, one Lieutenant. A very heavy detail. I took every man, all Orderly Sergeants but Lyford, who is acting Lieutenant, and myself, and then, at six o'clock p. m., sent our forty-four men and one Lieutenant. All seemed quiet until about two-thirty o'clock when we were all ordered to the pits as an attack was expected. We heard considerable firing across the river on the left and suppose it to be Shackford trying to capture a body of the enemy whom he surrounded. We learn that he took six hundred prisoners, and dispersed the remainder, but no further demonstration in our front.

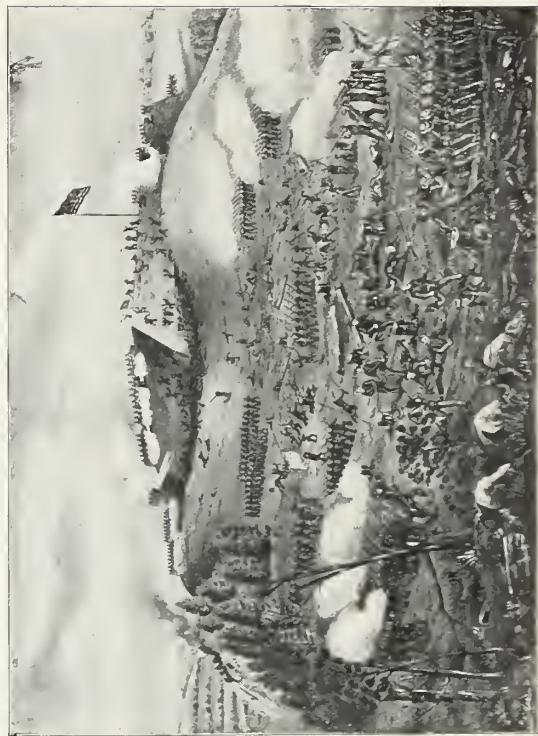
Thursday, the 26th, is Thanksgiving day in New Hampshire as also throughout the north by proclamation of the President. It has been quiet in this besieged city and the soldiers are in good spirits, hardly believing that we are soon to march to Richmond under guard. I

wish wife and other friends at home were as well, and happy at heart as I am. I fear that great anxiety and premonitions of evil are torturing them, not receiving letters from us for a long time, and no direct news in the papers, and knowing as they must that a large army surrounds us. They very naturally believe that the worst fate awaits us.

A stubborn resistance by a beleaguered army, if brave, is among the worst and hardest to endure. There is no alternative but to surrender on demand, or to fight to the death. We fully realize this as our situation, and I personally realize our condition and am trying to be prepared so far as my relations with my God and also with relation to my duty here. Considering it from the usual standpoint I should say that I have not had much of a Thanksgiving day.

One year ago today I was in Falmouth, Va., and sick with the jaundice. I have been in many very diverse and trying scenes since that date. I do think that I feel thankful for the kind Providence which has watched over mine and me, and if consistent with the will of that kind Protector, I earnestly pray that by another (annual) Thanksgiving day, this cruel war may be over, and I, as well as thousands more of the nations' saviors, may return to our homes and dear ones. It is cold today. Sent on picket two Lieutenants, four Sergeants, eight Corporals, and seventy-six men.

Friday, the 27th, has passed without much disturbance some picket firing as usual. Sent out two Lieutenants, four Sergeants eight Corporals on picket. My quarters are with the officers in a house near the pits as it seems necessary for me to be near Col. Cogswell, who is in command so as to carry out his orders promptly. New fortifications are being thrown up, and our men are making this position stronger daily. The Rebels are very quiet for a few days, ominous of impending trouble for us.



This Fort Saunders was the key fortification of Knoxville. At day break Longstreet assaulted it with a column of thirteen hundred of his veteran soldiers, while two Rebel Forts aided in the attempt to capture it. Only two hundred of these men escaped capture, wounds, or death. The carnage was fearful, but few of the Union troops were wounded. The picture was made by the Captain of the battery of Napoleon Guns in the Fort. It was framed from an old fence rail sent me from the scene of the battle.

Saturday, the 28th. Quiet all day until midnight when the Rebels began to be bold, advancing their skirmish line considerably, and because of the frequent outbreak of firing we were kept awake and up the most of the night.

Sunday, the 29th, our Regiment with the 51st Pennsylvania and 35th Massachusetts went to the front and drove back the Rebel line and reoccupied our position in front of our Brigade; no other was fully gained along the line. While we were at the front, occupied as above, the Rebels commenced a brisk Artillery fire from two different forts, into our Fort Saunders, and at the same time started an assault with twelve or thirteen hundred men. This assault was quick, determined and fierce, hoping to capture this, our strongest fort in our works, manned with a battery of twenty pound parrot guns and a battery of brass, twelve pound Napolion guns, and a support of two hundred infantry.

The ten guns were worked to their limit loaded with grape, canister, old iron nuts from the railroad shop, &c., making terrible havoc with the assaulting column. The guns were trained on the Rebels as they stumbled over and through net work of telegraph wire, stretched from stump to stump in front of the incline approaching the fort. A thousand men at least were killed, wounded or taken prisoners; and such horrible wounds. The moat, some six by eight feet, in front surrounding the embankment, was literally filled with wounded and dead Rebels. Their desperation was so fierce, and courage so great, that many clambered up from the moat to the embrasure and even to the top of the parapet, their blood stains witnessing to their bravery and desperation.

In one case, an officer with battle flag in hand, climbed to an embrasure stamping the staff into the earth, said, "I am the man for you to surrender this for to." Benjamin in command of the twenty pound gun, replied, "The H—— you are," pulled the lanyard, sending the officer

and the associates quickly to eternity. The ground around where the wire was stretched from stump to stump, was strewn with dead and wounded men. Surely war is horrid, and if this particular incident is not the Hell, Sherman meant, I have not seen, and don't care to view it. An armistice was on until five o'clock p. m. I talked with the Rebels. They treated us respectfully and appear well. They are Georgia troops. Though they may feel ill toward us for the morning lesson given them, they cannot blame us. If they had kept on their own ground, it would have been otherwise. They told us that their officers assured them that only new 23rd Corps men manned the fort, otherwise they would have hesitated in attacking the 9th corps men. We have strict orders now. Sent two Lieutenants, five Sergeants, eight Corporals and eighty-one men on picket.

Monday the 30th. All is very quiet since the armistice of yesterday. Sent the same number on picket as yesterday. Our men are worked hard. Besides being on picket twenty-four hours out of sixty hours, they have a great amount of fatigue duty. We are continually strengthening our position.

One of the second Maryland boys was shot through the head, near our works.

Tuesday, Dec. 1, is quiet on both sides. Engaged same as yesterday. We have very cheering news. A circular was forwarded from headquarters which read as follows:

"Information has been received at these Headquarters that Gen. Grant has driven Bragg from Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge; that Bragg is in full retreat for Dalton, Ga. Grant attacked Bragg and whipped him severely; though Gen. Sherman was repulsed on the left with a loss of three hundred killed and twenty-five hundred wounded; Grant took six thousand prisoners, fifty pieces of artillery, and Bragg is broken up effectually, and our army following him." Also that reinforcements

are within forty miles of us. This is really good news. Each Regiment gave nine hearty cheers for the success of our arms. We are expecting another attack tonight and the Generals are very particular to have us all keep a good watch. We are constantly under excitement, and getting but little sleep. I am up each night two or more hours as officer of the sentinels, and more on other duty, but I do not complain for it is necessary to be very vigilant these times and not lose the reputation which the old 9th corps has so dearly earned.

The Rebels are up to something this eve, but we cannot tell what.

Wednesday, the 2nd. We are still in the besieged city, yet it hardly seems so. It is very quiet so far as firing goes, most of the daytime, but some nights we have considerable excitement. At times the Rebels will attempt to charge or to advance their lines, when our camp will be routed at once. The sight would appear ludicrous could it be placed on canvas by some artist, for the eyes of the northern people.

The sentinel arouses the men in the pits. The officer in charge of the sentinels, which is myself, awakens the officers, who are mostly together in the room where I am. In a moment all are awake. Indeed we do not sleep soundly as at other times. Almost every night, we are aroused once or more and a general scrabbling for boots, sword, belt, overcoats and hats ensues. It is a very wearing, tiresome situation and I wish never to have a second experience of this kind. Our food is getting scarce and poor. We have pretty good rations of meat, but the poorest Indian corn meal made into pudding, or mush as we call it, generally without molasses or sugar to eat on it. It is not palatable I assure you. These are the only rations nowadays. I don't feel like complaining, however, if it were not for the boys foraging cattle, hogs, some flour and bran near the picket lines, they would be

very short indeed, but Providence has provided thus far, and I think will, so that we shall escape falling into the hands of the Rebels. They seem to be up to some move. They are either making ready to leave our front for Richmond, or massing their forces to attack us. Let them try it, we are ready. Sent on picket the usual number.

Thursday the 3rd was a comparatively quiet day. Not much picket firing, but toward night, one of our batteries shelled a train of troops moving as we supposed. The fort in the center of our Regiment is nearly completed, and is a formidable work. There are five embrasures in it, but only three guns at the present time. I think the enemy cannot get up to our position, much more take it. The 11th are all ready for a brush with them, but probably will not get it. News continues cheering. Sherman is reported across the river with six thousand cavalry. His advance and infantry fifteen miles away.

Friday, the 4th, sent on picket the usual detail. The Rebels seem to be leaving without taking us along with them, as they promised us they would do. Although they keep up a bold front, they gave us their parting salute, firing their cannon just before evening. Our guns replied with a brisk cannonade.

We keep up our picket duty. Nothing of interest happening save that Sherman has arrived with sixteen hundred cavalry, and two thousand infantry are near. I am glad that his forces are so near and that the seige is raised, sooner, no doubt, on account of his coming.

Saturday, the 5th. We awoke to find "Johnny Rebs" nearly all gone. Our pickets had orders to go forward and learn if the enemy still occupied their post. We found them deserted. The pickets followed on to the woods where their camp was and picked up a large number of Rebel soldiers, probably many of whom wanted to

be taken by us. It is estimated that our men brought in one thousand rebels.

Our own brigade, and the 1st were sent out to reconnoiter the woods and country. We went five miles toward the Gap, the cavalry preceding us, and as the Rebel cavalry guarded their rear, we the infantry, could effect no good in pursuing them. The roads are bad. Returned to camp about two o'clock p. m.

We have now seen the closing act of the greatest siege our army has endured during this war. A siege in which the beleaguered forces have maintained a most praiseworthy example of courage and discipline. Our army of not more than twelve thousand, composed in part of new inexperienced troops of the 23rd corps, have occupied a line of works six miles long as a defense against an army of thirty thousand seasoned veterans commanded by the brilliant and fighting General Longstreet. That army has invested and held us practically as prisoners, as they have termed it, and humanely thinking and speaking, they spoke rightly.

They have not at any time totally cut off our communications, but have prevented us mostly from foraging. During this time they have made several charges on our skirmish lines which has been out from the fortifications from two-thirds of a mile to a distance of only the railroad bed between them. As often as our line has been driven in, and our position taken by them, so often have we made counter charges, gaining our lost position. We have lost but few men while they must have lost nearly three thousand. I have said before that this service has been very wearing on our nervous as well as our physical systems. Out of two hundred and eighty men, in our regiment, who carried guns, we have sent from seventy to one hundred and sixteen on picket each day, besides forty who have been out in buildings between the lines as sharp shooters, thus causing the men

generally to go on picket as often as every other day and in some cases, oftener, losing twenty-four hours sleep out of forty-eight, and even when they were in camp, I have been obliged to detail them for work on the fortifications all day or night, when they would lie down in the damp pits to sleep only to be awakened by sentinels, whom I placed on duty each night to arouse the camp in case of an attack or charge on our pickets. Seldom have we gone to bed and remained there for the whole night. I have been up nearly every night, two hours, and often have been aroused by the enemy or by orders from headquarters to give some orders to the men, and right here I wish to further add and say with emphasis, even in consideration of the awful carnage of Fredericksburg, the hard marches and fighting from Vicksburg to Jackson and return, this has been for the time being the most wearing, tedious, nervous strain that we have experienced, living each day with the uncertainty which always attends the experiences of the besieged, and for a time with the grave doubt of our ability to ward off a general assault by such an army as Longstreet's.

I gave my diary to our Quarter Master Sergeant to give to my wife, thinking if I were captured he might get away on his horse. For the encouragement of the army, General Burnside ordered the band to play each day at his headquarters. He also had read in general orders, encouraging orders, and saying that if the city was taken, he should be taken with the men, meaning that he had faith in our ability to withstand the siege and that he should not attempt to get away in case it was captured.

I wish to mention a fact which I think is not generally known, and which should have been noted farther back in this narrative. After Longstreet had left the vicinity of Chattanooga and while but a little way from our position at Loudon, where I mentioned our troops were first

met by Longstreet, Burnside received a dispatch from Grant, the purport of which was as follows :

"Gen. Burnside, you will refrain from attacking Longstreet in force, but allow him to follow your force, drawing him on to Knoxville; allowing yourself to be besieged, holding him there even to the sacrifice of your whole command." In view of the operations around Chattanooga, one can see the reasonableness and the great importance of carrying out Grant's orders. Longstreet must be enticed far enough away so that he could not quickly return to Bragg. The capture of our whole command would be a cheap price to pay for the destruction of Bragg's army and the strategic position of Chattanooga. With Bragg broken up, Grant could send Sherman at once after Longstreet and again open up East Tennessee in case we were captured, so I feel that we ought to have inscribed on our banner, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

I have entered into many details in this narrative, but also have omitted much that is written in the letter from which I copy many personal allusions, much of my personal feelings and experiences written for the dear one, waiting in sorrow and terrible suspense those many days in which no tidings of good or ill reached her. I was happy with the assurance of the watchful care of my Heavenly Father, and of his will being accomplished in my faithfulness to Him, my country and to my fellow-men. I was continually grateful to Him for all of good, and I might say, of evil, which was mine to enjoy and endure. I am proud of the privilege of the experience which was mine, and I hope, not boastfully either, that I did my full duty and encouraged many a weaker comrade to faithfulness.

I will say in closing this story that I kept a daily record of the events noted herein, writing them on paper which I obtained from the railroad office, three leaves

from a long, narrow journal and nine leaves from a smaller ruled book. I have also in a brief pocket diary a synopsis of the above.

Now, having disposed of Longstreet and his army, I will follow on with our campaign in East Tennessee. On the last date in this narrative, I wrote a letter to my wife so that she might learn from me of our safety. A few days later, the 7th, I mailed the letter from which the above account is written.

Today, the 7th of December, we started after the Rebels on the Morristown road and marched twelve miles.

The 8th. Lay in camp till noon, then went eight miles. Rations are not more than one fourth of the regular. I say we are very hungry and cannot buy anything to eat.

The 9th. Came fourteen miles. The country seems devastated. The Rebels have taken everything they could, leaving the people destitute. The Rebels are some distance ahead of us. We remained in this last camp, Rutledge, until the 15th, receiving orders almost daily to be ready to move, and today we have formed a line of battle on account of rumors of the advance of the enemy.

I received a letter from wife which was the first in five weeks. From this place we retreated back five miles tonight. Did not get much sleep tonight. The 23rd Corps passed us the next morning, the 16th, after which we retreated six miles, our division covering the movement, flanked by our Cavalry. The Rebels did not press us very hard. At about two o'clock we halted, formed line of battle and made preparations for a fight, but the enemy did not give us a chance, except on the flanks where some fighting was done, we taking some prisoners. We are now at Lee Springs and have been here four weeks, doing outpost duty, going out on reconnoissance in force, but the enemy has left this vicinity for the pres-

ent, but my letters say that there are many of the strongest Rebels left about here in the persons of the inhabitants, which makes it difficult for our army and dangerous for us to go into the country without our arms.

I say that they are not as loyal as the Northern papers make it appear. From my letters, also, comparing with a separate diary, Lee Springs and Blain Cross Roads must have been one and the same place, or town.

From memory I recall incidents of our stay there and of our leaving. I relate that in marching from Rutledge to Strawberry Plains, we have seldom experienced worse marching for reason of the mud. We camped in the woods, and we were obliged to go three-fourths of a mile to the Holsten River for drinking water, requiring at least three quarters of an hour to go and return, on account of the deep mud.

One day I did break the ice on a puddle of water in the road, and dipped up some of the water and made my coffee with it. I did not need milk for the mud made it look like coffee well colored with cream, and strange to say, tasted so. Would you like to sip a cup of such, knowing the chemical mixture of roads traveled over by many horses. We stopped at this place from Saturday until the next Friday. Broke camp, marching one-half mile, lying there until eleven o'clock at night, then moving on toward Knoxville, two miles, being followed by the Rebels. From here we (our Brigade) drew three guns, more than three miles because the battery horses gave out. It was a hard pull.

As my letters of late speak of short rations, we had the experience here, as well as the opposite. I write that as a substitute for good food, parched corn, or corn otherwise prepared does very well. Hard tack, when we could get it was dainty food, so was one half pound of flour or cob meal, prized when we could obtain it.

One day, after waiting since morning for rations, a load of ears of corn came into camp and each man received one or two ears. We parched it, then ground it in our tin dippers, made sort of a mush, and having a little pork fat, made a gravy to go with it. I have handled over the corn fodder which was thrown into the barn yard several inches deep, for the nubbins of corn. I have picked up the corn left by the cavalry horses, and one night, while on a retreat at about midnight, the Adjutant ordered me to detail one man and the cook from each company to go down to the Holsten river where our stores were, and get some pork and flour. Knowing that two men could bring but a small amount for each company, I told Charlie Wason to go down and get some pork for us. This pork, by the way, was driven over the mountains from Kentucky and slaughtered here, corded up out of doors and salt thrown over it. Charlie returned with a great ham, weighing nearly twenty-five pounds, which I carried that night and part of the next day until I could get it onto an ambulance driven by Charles Rowe, one of my company, and a former tent mate.

One-half pound of flour was dealt out to each man, and these were all the rations furnished by the commissary for five days. But to go back to Lee Springs; together with the conditions above written, the weather was cold as we were in the hill country of East Tennessee. My tent was located on one side of a ravine which had its outlet in another deeper valley through which ran a stream of water. The head of my tent came against the bank, the foot all open above ground. Cotton ducking tent pieces made our roof and closed up the foot end of the tent. We kept a big log fire most of the time, near the feet end of the tent, but my record notes that one night the water in a pail froze nearly one inch thick. I remember well the aching feet those cold nights. As we were in a forest of great oaks, we had plenty of wood for

the cutting. Our clothing was worn and ragged; my letters speak of mending, patching, &c.

We had beef issued, slaughtered by our quarter master butcher. As we were so far from our base of supplies, which was Nicholes, Ky., some two hundred and fifty miles away to be gotten to us over roads described above, it was next to impossible to furnish us with the actual necessities of life, and in many an unheard of way, we tried to substitute. Ten of our company were almost without shoes in that wintry country where at times there were several inches of snow and with the mercury at zero.

I issued raw hide fresh from the slaughtered cattle, from which they made shoes by cutting the hide into shape to tie up with strings from the same. This made a fairly warm shoe as they used the hair inside.

We had considerable outpost picket duty which was anything but pleasant this wintry, stormy weather. Our marches which were frequent, were over muddy, slippery roads, and we have often called this our Valley Forge campaign. But as there is more than one side to most questions, or things, so there was to this which I have shown so dreary, hard and filled with deprivation and suffering. We did not quite starve for we could obtain passes to go into the country for forage. (And by the way, I have preserved two or three of these.) (A copy of which may be found on the closing pages of this book.)

In my letter of December 31st, near Blains Cross Roads, I refer to a chicken dinner three of us had, and how we filled up. Also an account of Sergt. Magoon and I going into the country, traveling sixteen miles before returning with two geese for which we paid forty cents each, six chickens at twenty-five cents each, one-half bushel potatoes for fifty cents, eighteen ears of corn for ten cents. We got a hot dinner for thirty cents each,

and I think four canteens of sorghum. These we toted from four to six miles. It was rather a heavy load. The geese were troublesome merchandise. Every little while they would get their wings loose and such a cuffing of our ears and head we don't care to have repeated. This plunder (no, not that, for we made a fair deal for it all) we divided, each selling a part of his to other comrades. As Charlie Wason and I tented together we cooked a chicken and afterwards baked a goose in a dutch oven we found somewhere, and we had coffee with milk in it. I obtained the milk from a house a few rods from my tent.

While I am writing to my wife of all this good fortune, Charlie is hulling corn, and I will tell you how he does it. He puts it in a kettle as any woman would, then in the absence of a bag, puts the ashes in with the corn, boiling the corn until the hulls will come off. Charlie thinks they start well. Then after cleansing it, we shall boil it until it is fit to eat. So much for rations.

As I have just said, I got some milk from a house nearby and in my letter, I go on to say, and even to my wife (and how did I dare to confess so much) that there are two unmarried women in this house, not three rods from my tent, who are quite accommodating to me. (I presume they loaned me the iron kettle and dutch oven). And now that I have begun, I may as well tell all. When we first came to this place most of the regiment were on the skirmish line, and as Headquarters were at this house, it was my stopping place. The staff officers all slept in the house on the floor. The two girls and their father, and I, also slept in the same room as there was but one in the upstairs of the house. I was in the house with the officers more or less and became well acquainted with the girls, before the regiment came into the valley to camp. I close my reference to the girls by saying that they are not good looking or sprightly enough to capti-

vate one. I do not recall whether they were snuff eaters or not.

Leonard Dearborn has returned to the Regiment from home, and another Candia boy. I am writing by the light of my camp fire. In writing of the family with whom I spent a few nights, I forgot to say that the father of the girls, was an old veteran of 1815. His snowy locks remind me of my aged and much loved sire.

Yes, here in this sort of a prison lives, for a time, a body of three hundred brave sons of the Granite State. Cheerful and happy as the gay throng who fill the streets of Northern cities. Lying here for their country's protection, to repel the marauder, to crush the Rebel who is hardy enough to desecrate this quiet retreat. Thus it is true of soldier life as of civil. As Brother Wesley put it in verse, "This life is of mingled yarn, 'tis good and ill together."

I have been copying from letters of January 9th, and the next I find mailed from Strawberry Plains, Tenn.

The 20th. Various rumors are circulating in camp. "They say," is the most prominent character in camp, and he says that Longstreet is forcing our front back. Also the 9th Corps is to report back to Cincinnati, and each regiment to go to its respective state to recruit.

My next written on a small card from Knoxville, Jan. 24. We have gone below the city a few miles, in camp.

The 31st at Erin's Stations, refers to a religious service by the Chaplain, as it is Sunday. We have in the last few weeks been going up and down this country forty or more miles, driving the Rebels and then retreating hastily with the loss of much forage and other stores. We were started off a few nights ago in the middle of the night. There was a force of the Rebels across the river from where we were, and we were ordered to pick up and leave. They followed us and the next day was very interesting to me. As I have said previously, I am act-

ing Sergeant Major, and on the march I am comparatively free and at liberty; do not carry a gun, or luggage save my blanket, coat, and haversack, and as our retreat was more or less in an open wide valley between two high ridges, I had a good view of the operations.

The retreat was conducted as orderly as a division or corps drill in camp. I kept with the rear of our troops as near as prudence allowed, and where I had full view of the enemy pressing on.

Our division would form, say one brigade in line of battle across the wide valley, the other retire and form in a more advanced position, when that in the rear or nearest the Rebels, would fall back on the new line, pass through it and make a new formation. I did go ahead once, and on to an elevated position where I could witness the maneouver, which to a military person was very interesting and exciting. The Rebels followed on until finally we formed a line of battle in a good position, then the Rebels retired. We marched on seven miles below Knoxville, and lay here a short time and then on the 3rd had orders to march which we did at four thirty o'clock. It seems that we had left some of our things at this place, and now we were ordered to take all with us as if we were not to return to this camp below Knoxville.

We were ordered to march with three days' rations. We marched up through Knoxville across the Holston River about one mile and camped at about eight thirty. Of the march I say, one could just about as well climb up a hill, rocky and rough, all covered with ice, as to march over some of the road we traveled, because the mud was so very slippery.

The next morning the 4th, we received the cheering news that we were going back to camp and not follow the Rebels. We lay here quietly until the 11th when we moved six miles nearer the city.

Monday, the 15th. It has rained hard all day. The

weather cold and very uncomfortable. I often think on such a cold, muddy, rainy day, how uncomfortable it will be tonight. How wet I shall be when I go into camp, the ground so cold and muddy that I surely cannot make a comfortable bed. But somehow I nearly always have a pretty good bed, and good night's rest under such conditions.

We lay here until Thursday when we moved two miles nearer the city, and near the Rebel's old fort.

Wednesday, the 24th we broke camp and started after the Rebels. We went to and beyond Strawberry Plains, marching twenty miles. It was a hard march for us. The first ten miles we did not have ten minutes' rest. Our knapsacks were large and heavy and we traveled fast. Major General Schofield is with the expedition. He has recently come to this department. Major General Park is also with us in command of our corps. Gen. Stoneman is in command of the 23rd. The Rebels have not done much mischief to the railroad from Knoxville to Strawberry Plains, but have destroyed the pontoon bridge across the Holston River, before we could get here.

The 25th. We lay here in camp today. Preparations are being made to get the troops across the river and to get rations from Knoxville. We have stored our knapsacks with all our things except blanket and overcoat, and tent pieces, at the Plains. We are to march in light marching order.

The 26th. We crossed the river and camped. Started this morning the 27th, and came thirteen miles to Mossey Creek. The 28th, went fourteen miles in the rain to Morristown.

The 29th, we were mustered for pay today.

March 1. A very rainy day. I could not keep comfortable. I tried to keep a fire but in so doing got wet through. It cleared off before dark and we dried out our clothes. Orders to march in the morning. We are

going back but do not know the reason unless the Rebels are in too large force at Bull's Gap or at Greenville. They have had a large force at this place with good winter quarters built.

The 2nd. We came to Mossey Creek and pitched tents. At one of our camps along here, Charlie Wason and I traded our coffee, of which we had four pounds, for a bag of meal and a bag of flour. We also bought some eggs.

It was the practice of the men to forage and sell to others who were out of food, so we at once gave notice that we had meal and flour to sel lat twenty cents per quart, the going price in camp. We had got a brisk sale started when orders came to march at once. We hardly knew what to do with our stuff, but we rushed our sale as fast as possible and got rid of all but enough to fill two haversacks each, and fell in a little late, and were obliged to carry our meal and flour several miles before camping again. Hard luck, we thought.

Just as we were going to sleep here at Mossey Creek, we had orders to fall in and stack arms. As I was obliged to put my blanket on the team in order to have it carried along as they were going to start off, I was left without anything to cover and keep me warm. I was very uncomfortable sitting and lying around the camp fire all night, for it was frosty and cold.

The 3rd. The reason for our being called out last evening, was that a few rebels were prowling around and frightening our pickets. We have orders to march at a moment's notice.

The 4th. We lay in camp today at Mossey Creek. Friday the Rebels made a dash on a Regiment of Tennesians, driving them in three miles, and but for our pickets, would have captured them.

Monday, the 7th. Col. Harriman with one hundred recruits came to us. He was received with great enthusi-



1, My Haversack which I had on when wounded. 2, 3, 4, Plate, fork, and Hard Tack which were in my haversack at that time. 5, Cartridge Box. 6, Canteen—both used in Civil War.

asm. Were glad to see him. At eleven o'clock we went out nine miles on a reconnoissance returning tonight. It began to rain before we started on the return and was bad traveling and very dark also.

Friday, the 11th Capt. Patten and Brown returned bringing with them a few recruits whom Colonel left with them at Knoxville. The Captain has been away six months after conscripts.

The 12th. We marched this morning at daylight toward Morristown and went fourteen miles and camped.

The 13th. Our company went on picket, stopped until noon and were ordered to camp when the Regiment went to Morristown. Went into camp here and stopped a few days. We had squad, company, battalion drills and dress parade. We had orders to move at six o'clock, Thursday, the 17th, and most gladly do we begin to march leaving these scenes of our toil and suffering, for we are told that we are going North soon. We hail the order with great hilarity. We marched to New Market more than twenty miles.

The 18th, we marched to within six miles of Knoxville, going twenty miles. The wind blew furiously and in place of mud the dust filled the air and eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

The 19th, went eight miles, camped outside of Knoxville. The 20th, stopped in camp today. The 21st, we started for the North over the mountain route and made twenty miles, camping at Clinton. The 22nd, marched at daylight, crossed the Clinch river and went within four miles of Jacksborough, making fifteen miles. I am appointed acting Q. M. Sergeant by the Colonel.

It snowed all day. Rough for us.

The 23rd, went to Jacksborough and drew four days' rations. Then crossed the mountains, very rugged country. Made eighteen miles. On our return march we saw many evidences of the difficulties encountered in furnishing the army with food, clothing, munition of war, forage, &c., &c. Hundreds of dead mules and other wreckage all along the way. It was reasoned that if two wagons should start from our base of supplies fully loaded, only one would be available for the army at the front as the contents of the other would be needed to supply the two going and returning. Cattle and hogs were driven from Kentucky to our troops and slaughtered there.

The 24th, marched at daylight and went through Chickwood, eighteen miles today.

The 25th, marched at daylight again. Went from Tennessee to Kentucky today. Went eighteen miles.

The 26th started at light, made nineteen miles. Camped in Sloan's Valley. It rained and snowed today. The 27th, moved at daylight, and passed through Burnside Point, stopping there four hours. The boys cleaned

out a number of Sutlers. Went eighteen miles and crossed Cumberland river. Passed through Somerset, one mile and camped. The 28th, marched eighteen miles. We are up now in the good country of Kentucky and as no event of interest occurred, will say that I find myself in Cincinnati, this 3rd day of April, enjoying a day or two with Brother David. A sad affliction has come to his family. His wife is insane and in the asylum. I went with him to call on her, and if I ever pitied a man it was my dear brother. A little boy has come to the home since I was there. They call him Freddie. We soon went to Annapolis, Md., where we are to reorganize for the 1864 campaign, I suppose.

Thus has the East Tennessee campaign gone into history, and we, its actors, are back in civilization. Its carnage, much marching up and down the state, lack of proper and sufficient food, the extreme cold, the pelting rains, and pitiless snow storms, the terrible wearying, arduous, exposed experience of twenty days' siege with the uncertainties of its outcome, are all to be forgotten, and we nerve ourselves for other, possibly severer tests of patriotism and endurance. Each campaign has differed widely in conditions and experiences, save that in each hardships and suffering has attended them all. Our first, the Fredericksburg campaign, found new, raw recruits exposed to out door life on a long march ending in the terrible ordeal of the slaughter on that memorable 13th of December. Then the transfer to Kentucky for a short period followed by another long journey on the cars and boat to the hot, malarious bogs of the Yazoo, made still more unbearable and disastrous by the march to and from Jackson with the exhausting duties while there. Our return to Kentucky, the march of two hundred and fifty miles over mountain wastes, and the experiences referred to in the Knoxville campaign, have all contributed to make of us, to say the least, seasoned soldiers,

or broken down men only fit for the hospital, or to receive an honorable discharge to go home and die, or eke out a few years in pain and decrepitude, but as such experiences are the common lot of the real patriot soldier, we accept cheerfully and without regret the worst that falls to our lot to bear. With quickened step, grasping our muskets more firmly, welcome the further and more trying experiences which may await us.

CHAPTER XIII.

We are at Annapolis recruiting and reorganizing for the spring campaign. A great many troops are here. Beside my usual duties with the company I have been detailed in the Provost guard as Sergeant of the guard with quarters in my separate wall tent in the city. Charlie Wason is with me. I desired that my wife should go to Cincinnati while we were west, hoping that in passing through that city from East Tennessee we might meet. She did go to Cincinnati, spending several weeks, but on account of the sickness and trouble in the family of my brother, she returned to New York before our return from the west to this place, very dispirited and lonely at not seeing me, and as I have been trying to make it possible for her to come here for a few days, I have at last succeeded in finding a room and telegraphed for her to come.

As stated in a letter of April 19th, she came and stopped with me a few days. I found a room where we could lodge, and I spent what time I could get from duty with her. But as we had orders to move, she was obliged to go back to New York today the 23rd, and our corps also started on our 1864 campaign. I am detailed as Q. M. Sergeant. Adj. Morrison came to me with the detail, saying that some one was to be detailed from our regiment, and he wanted me to take it. As I would be relieved from active service at the front and my luggage carried, and because this was to be the hardest campaign of the war, I owed it to myself to accept the place. I told him that I enlisted to fight with the boys and did not

want to leave them, but finally after much persuasion on his part, I accepted the position with the understanding that I could go back to the Company when I wished. If any one thinks that the Q. M. Sergeant's position is a soft one, they need the experience in a train of hundreds of teams on the muddy, dusty roads of Virginia, surrounded with Guerrilla bands, liable to be captured. Say nothing of continuous breakdowns and casualties of various kinds. They will know then, as I learned, that one pays rather dearly for having their knapsack carried.

After the troops are in camp and nicely cared for the Quarter Master service has its night's work to do, delivering rations and fodder, mending up breaks, &c., ready for the next day or night's march.

CHAPTER XIV.

Well, this first day, we made twelve miles toward Alexandria.

The 24th we went eighteen miles, but did not get into camp until eleven o'clock. It rained before the teams got into Park.

The 25th, we went sixteen miles, parked the teams near, and next morning had some trouble on the way.

Tuesday, the 26th, we stopped in camp near Alexandria. The 27th, moved at ten o'clock and went fifteen miles. I had good luck with the teams until just as we went into camp, then by doing as Col. Collins ordered me to do, one of the wagons upset so did not get to bed until eleven o'clock.

The 28th we went twenty miles. The 29th, got up early and strung out the teams and waited until past noon, then had orders to go back to camp. Bristoe Station, the 30th, I have helped Currier make out payrolls. We were mustered for pay. Troops were going by all night on the cars to the front

May 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, lay at the same place. Lieut. Cilley of Company I is commissioned Captain A. Q. M. Lieut. Johnson of Company A is appointed Regiment Q. M.

May 4th, we started at eight o'clock this morning and went eighteen miles. A hard march; got in camp ten o'clock.

May 5th, started in good season, came two miles across the Rapidon and Germania Ford, a long march of twenty miles or more. There was fighting yesterday and today.

It may be recorded that the active campaign began the 4th of May. The Rebel lines are about four miles away from our camp. Cannons are booming, heavy musketry can be heard.

May 6, the 2nd Brigade went into the fight and the 11th did bravely. Col. Collins was killed. Lieut. Hutchins, Col. Harriman were taken prisoners. Lieut. Currier was wounded through his mouth. Sergt. Magoon through his thigh, afterwards proving fatal. Three privates were wounded. Baxter Brown and many others and prisoners taken. Our Regiment was badly used, but where was I, while my comrades were fighting. Our brigade moved off before daylight from the place where they and the train were camped.

There had come to our army many new troops, loaded as new troops usually are with much clothing, and articles for their comfort.

These had been burdensome in the march already made from Annapolis, and now that they were starting in the active field service, the men decided to throw away much that had become burdensome. So as the men started out on this morning of the 6th, much stuff was left on the ground. I noticed an elderly soldier casting out his extra luggage and after he had gone, I picked up a testament he had purposely or accidentally left. I read on the fly leaf the words, "Dear Father, O, read this often when far away." No name being signed, I could not find the owner or giver much to my regret. I hope the poor father did not intentionally cast it away and I have wondered as I open it and read the loving words of the dear daughter, if ever again, she welcomed home the father.

I was left with the teams as a matter of course, and lay there until the next morning when the battle opened away to our left obliquely, growing louder and louder with its roar of musketry and cannon, I as by instinct, went out in the direction of the firing to get nearer to the

boys of my regiment. I felt that they were being slain and I skulking in camp. I went back to camp and told Quarter Master Johnson that I could not stand it and should report back to my regiment for duty at the front. He not only ridiculed the idea, but used hard words for my foolish decision, telling me that I was honorably out of it, and it was my duty to stay out. Some soldier must accept the position.

The 7th. The fighting continues. Our train was cut off last night and we slept within the Rebels' lines, just escaping capture. We moved into our lines some eight miles. As we came in sight of our army, their works and guns were facing us, having been thrown around their flank in the night, to counteract Lee's attempt to flank Grant.

In this vicinity our army has met more than one disaster, and Lee tried the same game on Grant, but he found a man equal to the emergency. Grant after fighting this sixth of May Wilderness battle, moved by the left flank in an endeavor to get around Lee's right, and again I say, Lee tried to check this move by attacking Grant's right and causing a stampede. This explains why, as I understand it, that at this juncture of things, Grant said, order the troops back, and we will fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer, and because of this movement by Lee swinging around Grant's left, we with our train were in the Rebels' lines all night, and the Rebel Cavalry had passed on the road which we came in on but a short time before.

I was out all the night of the 7th, trying to get rations to our Regiments but did not succeed.

The 8th. The battle goes on but not severe fighting. Two thousand have been wounded but few killed so far. I say that the Rebels are in full retreat for Richmond, but find later that I was somewhat mistaken. I refer

again to my feelings with regard to being away from the Regiment, and think I shall report back.

The 9th. Continuous fighting but more manoeuvring for position. Brigade teams moved some three miles to inside the old Fredericksburg works.

The 10th. The division moved five miles to the front, took position in line and stopped there until the next morning. The train was some one and one-half miles in rear of the troops.

The 11th. Our corps were not engaged much today, only skirmishing. Heavy fighting on the right.

The 12th. This has been a serious one for our corps, and especially to our 2nd Brigade, and more so to the 11th Regiment. We have lost heavily and many are severely wounded. I spent some of my time today at the hospital helping what I could; my train is parked near the hospital. Many of our Regiment were brought in, seriously wounded. Among them was our Adjutant Morrison, shot through the bowels. Also Sergeant Brown.

The train was ordered away, and we came to within three miles of Fredericksburg tonight. It is very rainy, and awful traveling. More than nine thousand prisoners came along the road and it is reported that forty pieces of cannon were captured today. This is the hardest fought battle so far.

The 13th. Our corps is not much engaged but occupying their position at the front.

The 14th. We remain in Park and there is not much happening with us today, or at the front. Since Thursday both armies have been comparatively quiet, and well they may be, for that was a day of fierce fighting and terrible slaughter. I am feeling discontented continually. I do not feel right or at home away from the Regiment.

Sunday, the 15th. We are still in the same place. I went to town (Fredericksburg) to carry some baggage

for wounded officers. I saw Seargeant Magoon and he looked badly. He cannot live. It surely has not seemed like Sunday to me, neither have I observed it. I am really shocked at my profanation of the sacred day.

Monday, the 16th. Moved some three miles nearer to Fredericksburg where we lay the rest of the day.

The 17th. I went to town with some baggage. I sent Lieut. Currier's valise to him; got a little sugar and pork at Commissaries. About noon had orders to move; came to the front one and one-half miles in the rear of line of battle, where we stopped tonight. Here I saw Mayor Bunton of Manchester, Mr. Patterson, and others from that city.

The 18th. Moved twice today and now are within two miles of where we were this morning. I went to the hospital to see Charles Wason, who is wounded by a minie ball through his arm. I was surprised to see Brother Aaron Young at the hospital. He is just from New Hampshire with Gov. Smith and others. I told him that I was going back to my company. He gave me a severe scolding for considering such a rash act and said that this was to be the hardest campaign of the war and it was my duty to stay where I was. I learned afterwards that on returning home he told our people that they might expect to hear any day of my being killed, as I was going back to my Regiment.

Thursday, the 19th. We moved at daylight, as also did our corps, and all the other troops, two miles further to the left. I have seen Brother Thomas today. We moved just before night up to within a few rods of the Regiment. The Rebels made a weak attempt to flank us. Capt. Dudley, who is in command of the regiment, wants my help very much.

Here, in view of the liability of going back to my Company, I write a word of encouragement to my wife.

I say, "I want you to be of good cheer and not worry

about me. I shall try to take good care of myself, the best I can wherever I may be. Try with all your heart to bear all your troubles should you have any. Be brave, and Charlie will try and do his part when and where he is asked to. Look earnestly to God for help. In Him I trust. God help and keep you."

Friday, the 20th. I came back to my company by order of Capt. Dudley, as he said the interests of the company demanded my presence. Today our train moved into the lines. After the affair of the 6th of May, I saw Capt. Dudley, who had then taken command of the regiment, and told him that he was at liberty to order me back to the company whenever he chose to, or needed me, and this is the reason in part why he has done so. I am not feeling well; have taken cold and my stomach is out of order; am bilious; have a headache and am almost blind, and dizzy. I laid down in the rifle pits most of the day.

The 21st. We went out this afternoon on a reconnoissance to ascertain the position of the enemy. Had no trouble in finding them. Went back to quarters, but toward night we moved off. Marched ten miles which took us all night and until eight or nine o'clock the next morning to do. As we started on this night tramp and after going a little ways, I felt too sick to march further, and got into an ambulance in the rear of the column. I had been in this but a short time when the Rebels began to shell the head of the column, and I said to myself, this is not the place for me if there is fighting at the front, so I left the ambulance and walked down the line and learned that the enemy were shelling our train. I tried to find the ambulance again, but could not, so was obliged to march with the men and teams all night. It was a very hard march for me though the distance was not great. I was weak from dieting, my head aching badly, and I

was feeling sick all over. We were marching on the same road with the long train of wagons to guard them. So many troops and teams passing over the road made it bad for the teams and caused continual trouble, halting and starting, and the same process was going on with the troops. We would hear the order, "Halt;" and would get fairly laid down in the road, our head on our knapsack, thinking we were to rest awhile, when the order, "Forward," would ring out. The men, I fear, O! I fear they said bad words enough to sink Sodom. This process repeated all night was anything but pleasant, and endurable for well men. I kept along until in the morning there seemed to be preparations making to halt and camp. I fell out and laid down to rest until I saw the troops finally file off into a field a mile or so ahead of me, when I got up and joined them. This is the first time that I have fallen out on the march.

The 22nd. This is Sunday again, but the two days are blended in one to us for we have had no night, neither sleep. I have tried to get some rest until we moved at two o'clock. Went eight miles, gained in our advance some three miles. I saw Aaron and Gov. Smith again today. I sent my compliments to Millie and Father by them.

The 23rd. Started at seven-thirty but did not make good progress as our corps is in the rear. Got into camp at nine o'clock; tired. The day has been warm. Our front ran into Lee's column and fighting ensued. There was heavy cannonading, shelling the woods to drive the rebels away from the river, (North Anna.)

The 24th. We lay where we camped last night until four o'clock, then moved to the left four miles, crossed the river and took position in line as support. There is considerable cannonading today. The rebels shelled us pretty briskly while we were crossing the bridge. Our troops drove them from a very good position, yesterday.

Rumors in camp are that Gen. Longstreet is dead, and Gen. Lee is wounded, probably camp rumor only. While sitting here, writing this beautiful morning of the 25th, while the musketry is heard all along the line far and near, and occasionally a little minie comes whirring through the leaves of the trees where we are, (for we are in the woods), I am reminded that a year ago I was with my wife, parents, brothers and sisters enjoying their hospitality. No danger then surrounded me. No enemy aiming a deadly shot. No shrieking shell flying about me. O! how enviable that home life! Soon may I and all my comrades in arms, enjoy such felicity. But we must not desire it until we have done our part in conquering our foe. We lay here in the woods all day with not much, worthy of note, occurring, only the usual incidents of the skirmish line and here and there a rush, a charge, now and then a wounded or dead comrade taken from the line. It has rained today. I write of myself as being quite easy and comfortable lying round, resting, thinking, sleeping, wrapped in my tent piece and rubber blanket. We were aroused once in the night by our picket, and a sharp musketry firing.

The 26th, Thursday morning, eight o'clock, and I am seated on a log under my tent piece, for it is raining smartly. We moved from this place tonight and as we were leaving, a brisk firing began. We are changing base of operations. Went two miles and lay down for the night.

Friday, the 27th. We started at noon and marched eight miles. Our regiment was rear guard of the corps. Camped at twelve o'clock tonight. Not a very pleasant tramp.

Saturday, the 28th. Started at seven o'clock and marched twenty miles. Got into camp at twelve o'clock and a fault-finding, growling set of men, they mostly

were. We lay down for the night. We crossed the Pamunkey River just before camping.

Sunday, the 29th. We got up before sunrise and went four miles, where we stopped until noon. Commenced to build breastworks, then moved one mile and rested, which we enjoyed very much. I say, I am going to give this letter to Charles Rowe who looks out for my things on the train. I cannot get a chance to send a letter.

The 30th. We moved this morning some three miles. We have changed position several times today. Our Brigade supported the 1st Brigade. There were a few charges on our works by the Rebels, but they were repulsed. Enjoyed a good night's rest. There was but little firing. The Rebel skirmishers have been driven more than two miles today.

The 31st. We advanced a number of times today. In the afternoon a desperate charge through a muddy ravine was made by our Brigade, the Rebels forced back. The way we operated today was to force the Rebels from their line and then at once proceed to make earth works, by cutting down trees, piling them up and throwing earth against them. Then from this position drive the rebels again, and repeat the earth work process. These operations were in the woods, down a hill, then up another on the other side of the valley, until we came into the opening where we could see the enemy in force, some two hundred and fifty yards away.

All night we were intrenching, making our position safe from attack. About this afternoon's work a little more might be written. As in all things, nearly all strong, influential men and people usually get what they want to the injury or lack of consideration of the weaker and less influential. So in army life. Not as in revolutionary days; no Gen. Stark to give New Hampshire troops prestige. We had no Major Generals, and most of our Regiments were Brigaded with those of larger

states, and in our case with older troops, consequently, seldom did we get praise for our valor and achievements.

As notably, at Fredericksburg, our green, raw regiment, acting under orders faced the Lion in his den, even when an old Pennsylvania regiment was skedaddling through our ranks to the rear. No record on the rolls of honor have been made of that incident, and no worthy mention made. With such facts in mind, I recall what the ranking Colonel of the 6th N. H. Regiment said, for it was the 6th, 9th and 11th N. H. Regiments who accomplished, unaided, this last feat. "There," said he, "let them say if they can, that New Hampshire did not do that."

June 1st, Wednesday, nine a. m. I am sitting just back of the rifle pits, writing a little for Millie, and to send when I can do so. Minie balls are whizzing over my head, but what do I care if they do not harm anybody. I have been trying for sometime to get sight of a rebel who is firing at us, but fail to do so. Our guns are firing an occasional shell over our heads in the lines of the enemy. One of the shells burst over our heads and a piece fell three feet from me. The next one just went over our pits and exploded. I think they had better stop such careless practice. 'Tis enough for us to dodge the "Johnny's shell."

We are now fifteen miles from Richmond, near Atlas Station. Thursday morning, June 2. I close a letter, my last on the field and I say, I am all right.

My next letter which may be called from the front as it goes over my experience, (given from memory) from my going back to the regiment, on to the day and circumstances of my being wounded, and written July 24 from Filburt Street hospital where I was an inmate.

From the position we occupied the 2nd, we moved off in the afternoon and went some three or four miles, we being the extreme right of our army, executed our part

in this last flank movement culminating in the terrible battles and carnage of Cold Harbor on the following day, and days. We came out of the woods into a large open tract of land, and rested. As usual, the boys at once began to make coffee and have a lunch, when suddenly the picket firing began out on the road over which we had so recently traveled, the Rebels following us closely. At once our batteries went into position facing outward, began shelling in that direction, Orderlies and staff officers galloped from headquarters to the several commands, delivering orders. Strong skirmish or picket lines were thrown out into the woods on our flank only to come in conflict with the enemies skirmish line, which they were rapidly throwing around our flank and rear. Darkness soon made it a very peculiar and precarious position for us. Pickets were so near each other that they would challenge one another, and crack would go a rifle, and one or the other was wounded or killed.

All the troops were moved into position in line of battle, supporting the skirmish line. I carried a rifle although in command of the Company, and that night I sat on a board leaning my head against the embankment of the rifle pits, holding my rifle with the lock in the hollow of my arm, and the rest of it covered as much as I could do, for it rained all night. We occupied the reverse side of the rifle pits from which our army, who had constructed them, had done. This was necessary as the Rebels had got around to our rear with a brigade, I judge.

We were aroused at three o'clock to build new breast works a few rods in the rear of those we were occupying.

We finished them about seven o'clock. We sat behind them only a little while when we were ordered to advance. We jumped over the works and advanced some sixty rods where we were ordered to lie down out of the way of the bullets. Just before leaving the rifle pits, I had received a letter from Leonard Dearborn in

Washington, asking for his descriptive list. I read it when we had got to our new position, and then handed it to Capt. George Sheppard, our newly appointed Captain, saying as it relates to Company matters you had better take it now as we know not what may happen.

CHAPTER XV.

We were ordered to advance and went one fourth of a mile and the two right companies, C and I were ordered across an elevated plain to a position in a road to silence a battery which was doing much mischief. In executing this order of rushing directly toward the enemy and in full view, these two companies were the plain target of a whole brigade in the woods skirting this open field. Under the circumstances while running double quick I was struck by a minie ball in my left arm, four inches above the elbow, directly in front and center of the humerous bone, breaking it clean off. In this condition with my arm dangling a part of the time, and partly held by the fingers with the other hand, I ran forward some forty feet and laid down behind a stump or small log, partly shielding me from further injury.

Sergeant Bennett of Co. C received a ball in his forearm, others were wounded and some were killed. Bennett and I soon got up and went as fast as we could to the rear, he placing a strap around my arm to prevent bleeding. I soon met Sergeant Dearborn of my company, who had failed to fall in when I formed the company for this movement, and he helped me to the rear. His assistance was appreciated when a little later I was obliged to go up a hill. My arm came to its full feeling, the bones punctured the flesh so that it caused me faintness for a little. I went directly to our Regimental hospital, established by our Surgeon Ross in an old house in full range of rebel shell. He placed me on a bed, giving me whiskey to deaden the pain and said that he would amputate my

arm then and there, but had no chloroform or ether to give me. So I lay there until afternoon, when with many others, I was carried in an ambulance some four miles over corduroy and rocky roads to the division hospital. Here I found in charge my grammar school teacher, Dr. Webster of Manchester, who kindly cared for Bennett and me, giving us an early opportunity of going onto the operating table ahead of hundreds lying all about the grounds. I expected my arm would be amputated. I asked Dr. Webster to look right after me and do the thing which was best. So I went to sleep and on waking I was surprised to see my arm still there. The doctors said they decided to give me the benefit of the doubt, but their own judgment was to amputate. Sergeant Bennett and I were made as comfortable as two wounded men could be, lying in the shade of the bushes without bed or blankets, and nothing but soldiers' delicacies to eat and drink, until the next afternoon, when we were loaded into ambulances with many others and started on our way to Washington, or more directly Whitehouse Landing, thirty miles away.

A cold rain made us uncomfortable, as we were poorly clad and protected, the jolting of the wheels over very rough roads, hurt me terribly, but I shut my mouth hard and gripped my wounded arm with the other hand hugging it tightly to my side. We went half way and stopped for the night. Bennett and I tried to get into the houses of some of the white folks in the locality, but they would not take us in. Finally a negro allowed us to come in and sleep on the floor of the room where he, with his wife and children were in bed. He had a good fire in the fireplace, so we were warm and comfortable as men in our condition could expect to be. In the morning my arm was so sore that I needed help to get up. I will say here that there were no splints put on my arm by the

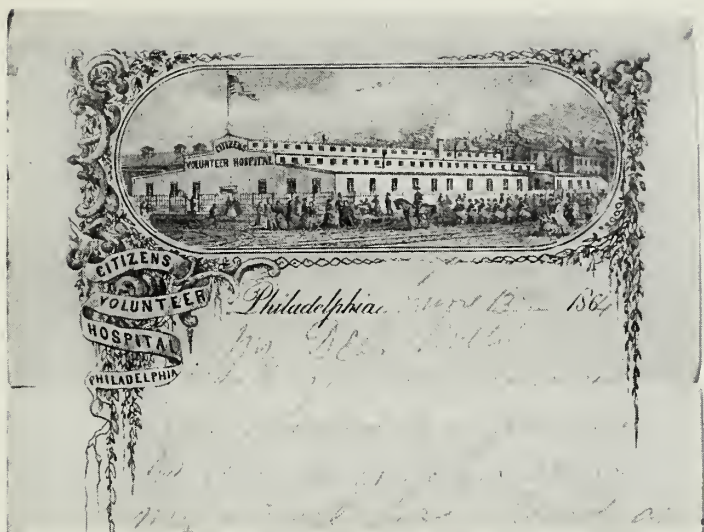
doctors, sufficient to support it in place, which made it much more troublesome and irritated.

We started again, arriving at the White House Landing that day. Here I found abundant preparations, and men and women of the Christian Commission ready and anxious to assist, and make us comfortable. My arm was dressed by one of the Commission surgeons, and here I found that Surgeon Hayes of my Regiment was in charge of loading the boats with the wounded for Washington. He kindly gave us a place with the officers, telling them that he wanted us well treated. Because Bennett's wound was only a flesh wound he could wait on me, and in turn, I being badly wounded, could obtain special favors, so I begged the privilege of having Bennett go along with me, so we kept together until we separated on his going home from Philadelphia, later on. We were taken to Washington and to the Harwood hospital where we remained a week or so, my arm growing worse and becoming very bad. Had I remained here a short time longer, I would have lost my arm and I fear my life. Nothing but simply dressing it was done for me and no nourishment was given other than common baker's bread, salt pork, or hard salt beef. Fever conditions and early stages of mortification were very evident, and a weakened system in general. Only one event which I can recall with pleasure occurred while here. One morning who should I see walking up the floor from the further end of the ward, but my dear old tent mate, Charlie Wason, who, himself was an inmate.

CHAPTER XVI.

In closing the last chapter I say that I recall but one incident of a cheering nature. One more cheering and helpful did come to us when, after a ten days' or more stay in this hospital when an order was received to send all men who could be moved to Philadelphia. Bennett and I were of the number, so we were taken to the station. A negro attendant took me in his arms and laid me in a berth improvised in a common passenger car, and at midnight we were in the city of Brotherly Love and big heart for Uncle Sam's soldier boys. We stopped at the hospital carried on and supported by the citizens. It seems quite providential or an unusual coincidence that the Cooper shop restaurant, which fed me and more than three hundred and fifty thousand other soldiers, should have connected with it a hospital, and that on my return from the front having served my country in battle, being wounded, and sent to the rear, that this same humane Christian institution should again give me much more needed aid. I was placed in a clean bed and my arm dressed, and proper nourishment supplied.

We remained here until the following day when we were distributed to various hospitals in and about the city, Bennett and I to the 16th and Filburt Street hospital near the center of the city. As is their custom on receiving new patients, the surgeon in charge with his corps of surgeons go through the various wards examining the new cases and giving orders as to their treatment or disposal. On coming to me the order was to amputate



Philadelphia, June 13th, 1864.

My Dear Millie:

I feel very anxious that you should hear from me as soon as you can after my arrival here. And as I have no one to write for me, I will do so; and you see, I make it go pretty well. I had a pretty hard time yesterday coming from W., but not as hard as I supposed. I had a good bed and my arm did very well. It feels a little inflamed, but will be gaining soon. I shall get a furlough as soon as my arm will admit of it. Do not be too anxious. You will direct your letters in the following manner: C. C. Paige, Sixteenth and Philbert Convalescent Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa. Do not put the Co. or Regt. on.

I should like to see you, dear, but there does not seem to be any conveniences for you here. You must write to all the folks for me. I cannot. I have received no letter from you since being wounded.

Good bye, dear.

Stopped at the Volunteer hospital last night.

and I don't wonder. It was dark and bad looking, passed beyond the usual inflammation to mortification conditions, the pus burrowing around the bone, eating away the periosteum down toward the elbow. After a little while Dr. McMackin my ward surgeon came back to me unattended, and made a critical examination, then told me the orders he had received, but also said, "I am going to save that arm," and without going into details of the many kind things, and interest, he took in my case, he started it on the road to recovery, for which I shall never cease to bless his memory. I fell into good hands on reaching Philadelphia, as we did when going to the front as related early in this diary. Not only did I have a surgeon who did his best for me, but beautiful ladies came daily to the hospital to minister to our needs. Two sisters in particular came in daily, soon after ten o'clock, remaining until nearly three o'clock, one a widow, and the other a maiden lady, Miss McAllister, both daughters of old Mr. McAllister, whose father was the earliest optician in Philadelphia. These ladies were people of means, having two servants at home, and were Episcopalians in church connection.

Another young lady not more than twenty-two, or four years of age, I think, came often and held a Bible class in the dining room, also a chaplain, who was very kind, and many others.

But to return to myself, and my health. It was sometime before I improved much. The condition of my arm had caused feverish symptoms, and reduced my strength. The discharge was profuse and I was quite low. The steward told me later that they feared that I would not live. I am hoping and perhaps expecting to recover to that extent that I can go to the front again, and be mustered as 1st Lieutenant, if not to remain at the front. The Colonel has written me to come, but the mustering officer writes me that he can't muster me in my condition.

But why dwell on, or enlarge upon, or write further of my hospital experience. Day after day it is the same experience, a little varied, a pleasure here, a pain there, an attempt to be trusting, cheerful, hopeful, mingled with doubts for the future and sympathy for absent loved ones, and the days, weeks, and months wend their weary way till I am transferred to the Webster Hospital in Manchester, to be cared for by my old school-master, who saved my life on the field.



C. C. PAIGE.
From a photograph taken while in hospital.

CHAPTER XVII.

In my home city. Here I remained until my discharge in August, 1865. I had a general pass to go and come at pleasure, staying with my wife in the city nights and Sundays; having my wounds dressed, and my meals at the hospital. But before I leave this part of my soldier life and experiences, I wish to give expression to my feelings as I read my letters to my wife, informing her of my condition and experiences from day to day. It seems as if another than myself were the actor in this drama, and the perusal of the record of his baring his breast to the leaden hail, the screeching, bursting shell, the suffering from hunger, cold, storm, march, scorching sun, the sick, weary days when doing duty was wringing torture. "All this, and all this," aye, much more. Bereft of home and all its dear ones and its loved associations, away from, and impossible to indulge in, the activities, pleasures, and emolument of civil life, left all, sacrificed all, was it for \$13.00 or \$17.00 of three-fold depreciated paper money, or because his soul burned with love of country, and that future generations might live under, and enjoy, an undivided Nation. I say, as I review the hospital life, my heart grows tender, emotional, pity and condolence seem fitting. None other can know the extent of deprivation and deep sorrow, so none other can drop too tender tears of sympathy or glorify the sacrifice made, and again I say, as I read these letters written to the dear one at home, filled with the various experiences and sufferings of those days, those many, weary, painful, sick days, I think not

of myself as the one about whom all these things are written, but it seems like another's troubles, sorrows, pains and deprivations were being portrayed, and my heart softens and tears flow and pity for such suffering patriots overwhelms me, and I say, for whom was all, this borne. Why need he pass through such dark valleys almost to the shadow of death? Was it for me, for my loved America, for the institutions of this land of the free, the home of the brave? Did he suffer all this that I and mine might have peace, and plenty again he assured the millions of our great country? Had he committed some great misdemeanor that need be expiated on the field of carnage the pains of long hospital experiences? No, no, and not irreverently I say, it was for you, it was for me, O! reader of this tale of sorrow. However a partial compensation for suffering came to us in the persons and deeds of noble, generous, loving men and women who were ever alert and anxious to serve us in some material or sympathetic way. This fact also causes my heart the tenderest emotions. Reading over the letters witten to my wife on the occasion of my wounding and early hospital life, by comrades of mine, by gentle kindly ladies, daily visiting the hospital, by men of position and honor, stooping to give a cup of water in the message of consolation and advice to the weeping, saddened one at home. Beautiful are the messages, and kindly the spirit which prompted them, some of which I copy, for others to read and admire the spirit which prompted such kind generous acts.

Now, as I am nearing the end of my long story, I wish briefly to repeat, or place in different phases some of the things already written, that a more direct view may be had of them. First, my correspondence with my wife. When leaving home we pledged each other to write twice each week whether we received each others letters or not. Also for her not to believe me dead until some one

who saw me in that condition should verify the report. Many of my letters were very lengthy, ten pages of foolscap and written between lines, and notably the narration of the battle of Fredericksburg, the seige of Knoxville, when for twenty days we were shut in, and many other times when in active campaigns no opportunity to send or receive mails, was ours. Five weeks elapsed once, I recall, without hearing from home. My stationery would attract attention in a museum because of its variety of style, quality, color, size, etc. Foolscap, note, Bristol board cards, blank book leaves of different sizes, one in pamphlet form, suggestive pictures on the envelopes, mottoes, Christian Commission furnishings, &c., &c. These written in diary form, of consecutive dates are sacred to my wife, and preserved, also, at my request, thus enabling me to write a connected, faithful story of my soldier life as I saw it, experienced it, and understood its various phases, at the time and on the spot.

So, I am not obliged, neither disposed, to write under the caption that distance lends enchantment, and incline to magnify my mental vision in the picture I draw, but the rather more realistic by far is the scene as I then viewed it.

I tried to be, not simply a tool, a fighting machine, but an intelligent citizen soldier, forecasting in my mind, plans and manoeuvres. Being always much interested in military affairs, I was somewhat proficient in manual and drill. Often have I written of the position or rank I held. On this subject there is due me an explanation. I was mustered a third sergeant. This I may have referred to in the early part of this record. I was promised the 3rd position from the Captain by him. I, being the only officer above a Corporal, left for duty after the battle of Fredericksburg—the duties of Orderly Sergeant fell to me to perform. Our 1st Lieutenant Cilley was detailed into the Commissary department, which blocked promotion in his place—as we could not get him into battle,

the 2nd Lieutenant was at the hospital quite a little, the Orderly Sergeant also in the hospital more than a year, I performing his duties. When the Sergeant Major was away on furlough or detached duty, I was detailed to act in his place. When the Quarter Master Sergeant left us, I was detailed to act in that capacity. When the commissioned officers were away on furloughs, or wounded, I was placed in command of the Company. I filled all of these positions on Sergeant's pay, but not without a protest to our Colonel. When after a more than usual setting forth my abuses, and his disinterestedness, and threatening to carry my demands for recognition higher up than to him, he recommended me for promotion first to 2nd Lieutenant, than to 1st Lieutenant, but unfortunately did not receive my commissions until after I was wounded. I made no complaint for doing duty above my rank, but I did complain of doing the work and service of those in the hospital *fully* able to return to the Regiment. Here I wish to record the name of Sergeant Solomon Dodge, one of the bravest and most faithful soldiers in the 11th Regiment, whose merits have *never* been publicly acknowledged, he having been granted a commission, he could not be mustered in his own company C as I held a commission for that Company. It was my happy privilege to waive my rights that he might occupy that position, which he so honorably filled after being mustered. He was the only man in front of me at Fredericksburg.

I have also written something of the religious phase of camp or army life. Possibly people at home thought of us all as let loose from restraint, indulging in any and every thing that the baser passions of men incline to, but not so. While the majority of men did lead an unchristian life, as the majority do at home, many a Christian soldier and officer proved true to their great profession. Many and often can be found in my letters

desertations on this subject. Doubtless in many of the tents prayer was never heard, but my mates were all praying boys, and as I read in my messages to the dear one, I am almost surprised at the often professions of trust and reliance in my God, and in the efficacy of prayer and am greatly rejoiced at the fact of early in life giving my heart into His keeping, and because I early began the Christian life, I was so much better able to maintain it in the latter stress and trials which overwhelmed me. These later thoughts and facts I wish above all else I have written, to leave as a precious legacy to posterity or to any who may chance to read this soldier story.

I indulged much in composition, gave much expression to my religious proclivities, as before said, and great confidence in God, my devotion to Him, to country, home relations, my constancy to, and love for, my wife and parents, my activities as a soldier, fidelity to my trust, faithfulness in the discharge of duty assigned me, description of my activities before the enemy, all, if written about some other worthy person, might be highly proper to enlarge upon. While I do indulge a little in this line in these reminiscences, modesty prevents me from relating many, many real incidents and communications of merit.

If no other eyes than those of my kindred would read these records I might indulge more in the inner and prevailing tone and secrets of those communications.

There is much of sentiment encircling the events and facts of a civil war in this our great Republic, and in the devotion of patriots for its preservation and for her integrity. But far more and of greater prominence does the principle involved for which the union soldiers fought the actual sufferings endured, the carnage of battle experienced and the real quality of the men engaged in the terrible conflict appear.

'Tis true, many there were who forced by draft or

other unpatriotic reasons were not found in the ranks, but skulking to the rear. But tens of thousands with ideals high and noble, with patriotism burning in their souls, a firm belief and confidence in God and the right, went forth to dare, to do, to die if need be, and if I claim to be one of this last class, I am claiming for myself only what is true of many another soldier boy. Little of natural ability or acquirements do I boast, but no man shall stop my declamations of loyalty, and none dare rise up among my associates in the field, or from the citizens with whom I made my home, who can, or shall be able to disclaim that in our Civil war I did my full duty as God made known that obligation to me. I think it hardly proper to multiply words further. Doubtless those who in later years may read my tale will agree with me that already I have lengthened my yarn almost to its breaking. With a few lines in conclusion on, *Well, what of it!*, What has the war or its experiences netted to me, physically, morally, financially, and otherwise? Through life I shall carry by my side, the poor, bent, emaciated, painful arm, and with it gratitude that is no worse and that it serves me so well. For six years I was obliged to suspend it from my neck in a sling, suffer many operations of extracting bone, dress an open wound for most of that time, forced into other means of earning a living, although I have done more or less heavy, painful work but with injury to my general system. I was obliged to leave the dear old Father and his home, as I could no longer be a farmer, and there make his declining days a joy and comfort.

Morally,—my life purposes were strengthened, broadened, and ennobled. The immature circumscribed life at home, tenderly guarded by helpful religious influences, had matured and become more ideal under the stress of excitement, the constant dangers, and untoward influences of an active military life in the field, and these experiences

have become, as it were, an accumulated fund, rich in intrinsic value, from which in these later days I am able to clip may a coupon.

Materially or Financially,—This and the former consideration, is so interwoven in my way of reasoning, I hardly need to refer to it, yet there is, as usually viewed, a wide difference. At my time of life, it could not be expected that my possessions were very considerable, going to live with my father, on an old run down farm, with poor, delapidated buildings, soon after leaving my apprenticeship. I had but little money saved up, and now all my earnings must go to make conditions on the farm, better. The panic of '57, with other causes, cut down Father's revenue from his Manchester property. I had a serious illness during the fall and winter of '60, consuming the nearly one hundred dollars earned in Lawrence during that season, and as related at the beginning of this story about my building venture, well, I had a little money when I left home which my wife carefully guarded during my absence, and augmented from the allotment of eight dollars per month, she received of my seventeen dollars, monthly pay. She supported herself by working in the store and at her trade as a milliner. Now, what I wish to make emphatic is that the opportunity for a successful or lucrative business, or financial life, were not very flattering. Had I remained at home with Father, I would have inherited the small farm, with all its handicapped conditions, as did he, his father's homestead. While by going to war and by reason of my wounding, this plan and kind of life was necessarily abandoned, and I forced into other callings, or activities.

The second year after my discharge, or 1866, I came to Franklin, bought a stock of millinery goods at Sheriff's sale. This business, wife and I conducted for about four or five years, when I bought an interest in a Door, Sash,

Blind and jobbing business, and selling out the other. This I conducted with a partner to my disadvantage five years, after which I started the Furniture and Undertaking Business, in which I continued some thirty-three years, meeting with a well earned success.

What of my decision to give my all of material things, my all of home comforts and plans, of privileges, and my all of the dearest relations in life, my loving and loved wife, and the dear old Father. All of these I did surrender, and was I recompensed? As I view it today, have I received a sufficient compensation for all these deprivations and sufferings? Providence has kindly marked out the way, led my feet to pursue the hidden path, watched over and brought me nearly to its widening, glorified terminal, where I am waiting, watching, and expecting to meet the Great Captain of my Salvation, and hear from His Imperial Head Quarters, the general order, the war is over, victory yours, and you will place on your battle stained ensign, having sacrificed your all to help save your country from dissolution, you are entitled to the gratitude of this great prosperous republic of one hundred millions happy people, and your name recorded on your Country's never fading roll of honor, and heaven's scroll of worthy mention.

Gained,—I have the consolation which comes to one of enlarged opportunities, and accomplishments, through sacrifice and suffering. What have I lost? Lost the selfishness that results from a restricted life and environments. Gained? I have a broader thought and interest in my fellow men. Lost? I lost the little opportunity which the country home gave me in earning for my comfort and for Charities and Christ's cause, some of which I have been able to gain because of faithfulness to convictions of duty and right.

In short and finally:—In settling the question which above all others at that time, (my duty to my country in

the great emergency of our Civil war), God has been faithful in rewarding me far, far beyond my deserts and expectations. If success has attended me in material or other directions, that has been the contributing cause. My incentive for this laborious, yet pleasant task of sifting out of my correspondence, the foregoing incidents, is that if I may be granted the blessing of a posterity, that they may, and I trust will, read with much interest of the part their sire played in the greatest Civil war of history, and be truly grateful that he saw fit to leave a record of it.

Without further apologies or criticisms by myself on this long, spun out story of a soldier in the Civil war, and relying on the good sense, charity and kindness of heart of any or all who may read this, I subscribe myself,

Late Lieut. C. C. PAIGE,

Co. I, 11th Regt., N. H. Vols.

These following letters written to my wife informing her of my wounding and of my condition will explain themselves I think. I introduce them at the close of my story to show the interest manifested by people for the wounded soldier and his friends in the days of our Civil war. They are a true copy of the original which I have sacredly preserved.

Copy.

Head Quarters 2d Brig. 2d Div. 9th a. c.

In the field near Richmond, June 3, '64.

Mrs. C. C. Paige—

I have to inform you that your husband was wounded in the fight today, the ball passing through his left arm above the elbow. Charles is in the very best of spirits and doing as well as could possibly be expected. He will soon be able to write you himself. Have no fears.

The battle is still raging. Yours in Haste,

Ira G. Wilkins,

Lieut. and A. A. A. Gen'l., 2d Brig. 2d Div. 9th a. c.

Note. Ira G. Wilkins, the writer of this letter was a member of Co. C, 11th Regt., and a good friend of mine.

Copy.

White House, Va., June 5, 1864.

Mrs. Paige:

Dear Friend. At the request of your husband, I take my pencil to write you a few lines. He is wounded, but not dangerously. A ball struck the left arm about midway between the elbow and shoulder. He is doing finely, is able to walk about and can take some care of himself. He will probably go from here to Washington, Philadelphia, or Annapolis to the General Hospital.

He requests that you do not come to him until you hear again as it will be uncertain what hospital he will go to.

He also requests you to write his brother Samuel immediately not to come until he shall hear from him. He will write as soon as he gets to a hospital.

Do not worry about him. He is doing well and I hope will be able to go home soon.

Yours in haste,
Wm. B. Dodge.

For Charles C. Paige.

Copy.

Harwood Genl. Hospital Ward 6.
Washington D. C., June 8th, 1864.

Dear Wife Millie.

I am most too lazy to write this morning, and luck or Providence has provided me with a scribe, and you will be pleased to know that it is Charlie Wason.

I arrived in Washington, yesterday, about eleven o'clock and arrived at this hospital in an ambulance about four o'clock where I am trying to make myself as comfortable and cosy as possible. By the aid of Charlie Wason and others around the hospital. You can imagine my feelings last evening as I lay here on my little couch nearly destitute of acquaintances to see my friend Charlie W. come in so unexpectedly. It was like the old adage, like a cup of cold water to the thirsty soul.

I am comfortable as can be expected and doing nicely. I do not know whether it is best for you to come out or not. I shall be able to come home before long probably. I am at Harewood Hospital, Ward 6. I will not try to write much more at present.

Keep up good courage about me for I shall get along well now.
I will close this with good bye.

Write soon as you get this.

From your true husband,

Charlie.

P. S. Direct to Harewood Genl. Hospital, Ward 6, Washington,
D. C.

Note. This was written by my old tent mate, at my dictation.
He was wounded at Spottsylvania, and sent to this Hospital.

Copy.

Washington, June 9th.

Mrs. Chas. Paige.

Your husband is quite bright today. Keeps up good spirit and
wishes you to do the same. He expects to be transferred to
Philadelphia in a few days.

Respectfully,

M. K. Rockwell.

Washington, D. C., June 11, 1864.

To Mrs. Charles C. Paige, Manchester, N. H.

Dear Madam. Your husband desires me to write to you, for
him, as follows:—

I am as well today as I was yesterday and am still in Hare-
wood Hospital, but expect to be transferred to Philadelphia city
before long. Should much like to see some of you, but wish you
to do as you feel proper and right about coming on either now,
or after I get to Philadelphia, should I be removed there. My
spirits are good, and I mean to keep in good heart, so, please,
do not worry about me, it cannot do any good. Indeed, it will
only affect your health, and that will make me more unhappy.
So for my sake as well as your own, hope always for the best
and do not grieve for what is past, for God is over all, and He
will always do whatever is really right and best.

Please inform the rest of our relatives and friends—tell them
to write to me as often as they can, and believe me very truly,
and affectionately,

Your husband,

Chas. C. Paige.

I will only add that Harewood Hospital is beautifully situated
and surrounded, on high ground, out of and North of the City, is
well ventilated, airy, cleanly, and is well attended. Myself and

wife visit there, (as do others) frequently, to minister to and look after the welfare of our brave wounded and sick soldiers.

A. B. Grosh,

Box 980, Washington, D. C.

If you need my aid in any matter, I refer you to Rev. B. M. Tillotson, Manchester, N. H., for information concerning my or Mrs. Grosh's characters.

A.B.G.

Copy.

Washington, D. C. June 17, 1864.

Mrs. Chas. C. Paige, Manchester, N. H.

Dear Madam: Yours of the 13th inst., came to hand yesterday morning; and it gives me much pleasure to inform you that your husband's condition improved so rapidly that last Sunday he was transferred to Philadelphia, where no wounded soldier ever lacks sympathy or aid. Indeed, I hope that ere now, he has obtained a furlough and is with you in person, or at most, soon will be. But should this hope not be realized to you, and you desire to address him, you can do so by giving his name, Company, and Regiment, and addressing "Care of Eben Swift, M. D., 1103 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa." Dr. Swift is the Medical Director, and will know to which Hospital to send it.

Meanwhile I shall forward yours to me in the same manner, lest he may be detained there, as I know that its lines will be very pleasant to his eyes and heart.

Should it unhappily be necessary for you to go to him, application to Dr. Swift at the office, 1103 Girard Avenue, above 11th St., will secure the proper direction, and any Philadelphian will direct you to that. But I feel sanguine that no such journey will be necessary.

May our heavenly Father bless you and yours, now and ever.

Very respectfully, yours,

A. B. Grosh.

Address him thus on an envelope, and enclose that in another addressed to Dr. Swift,—perhaps would be the best. A. B. G.

Copy

Philadelphia, June 29.

Dear Mrs. Paige.

I was in to see your husband yesterday. He wished me to write a line to inform you how he was getting along, said he did not feel like writing, it tired him so much. He said tell you he was getting along well, kept up good courage, had been up six hours when I was there, never had set up only about three hours before. They took him out in the afternoon, was out in the Park about three hours, walked round considerable. He looked much better than when I saw him last. The Doctor says his wound is doing well. I think the Hospital where he is is nicely conducted. The men seem to be well cared for, the ladies are very kind to them. I know you feel very anxious about your husband, but if he must be away from home I don't think he could be where he would receive better care than in Philadelphia. His bed is near a window so he can get good fresh air. His Doctor seems very kind to him. Anything I can do for him I shall be happy to do it. I will call and see him often. If any change for the worse should happen you may be assured I will inform you of it. I hope you will keep up good courage, and write cheerful letters to him. Sergt. Bennett thinks he may go home this week, but it is uncertain. If he does he will call and see you and tell you more about your husband than I can write.

Please accept my kind wishes for yourself and husband from

Mrs. F. A. Brown.

H'd Qr's. 2' Brig. 2' Div. 9'o'c.
Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 27. '63.

Captain:

You will make the following detail from your command for picket duty to report at these Headquarters at six p. m., this evening.

Lieut.	Sergt.	Corpl.	Private.
1	2	4	38

Also the following detail for same duty to report to Capt. Woodward, 11 N. H. Vols. at four A. M. tomorrow.

Lieut.	Sergt.	Corpl.	Private
1	2	4	38

By Command of Edwin Schall,
Lieut. Col. Comd'y
Laneshart,
Capt. & a a a Genl.

Capt. Cogswell

Camd'y 11 N. H. Vols.

Copy.

Camp 11' N. H. Vols
Near Blains Cross Roads, Tenn.
Dec. 29th, 1863.

Guards & Patrols: Please pass the bearer Acting Sergt. Major Charles Paige out the lines and return.

L. M. Cogswell,
Capt. Comd'y Regt.

Approved

M. N. Collins

Lt. Col. Comd'y 2nd Brig. 2nd Div. 9. o'c.

Copy.

Provost Marshal's Office.

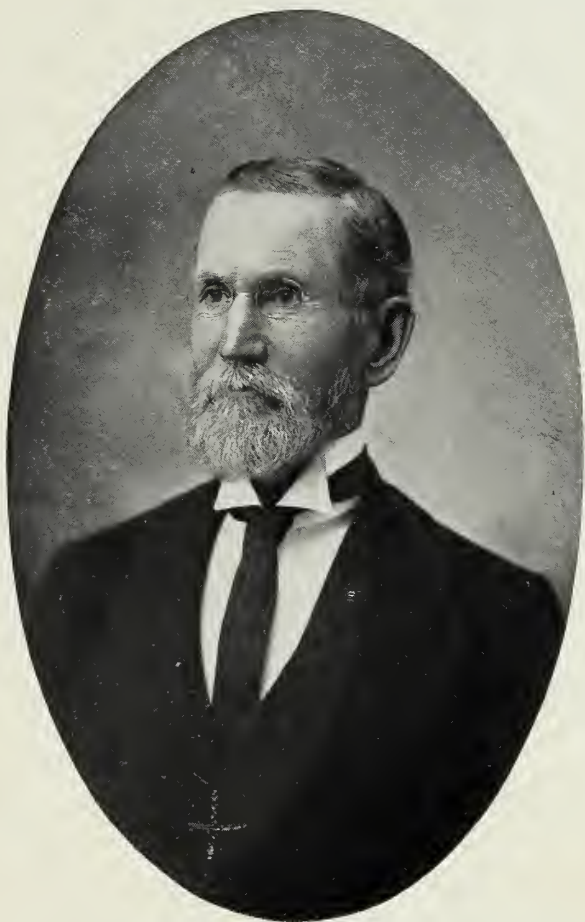
Dept. 9th A. C. Apr. 23rd, 1864.

Guards and Patrols will pass Sergt. C. C. Paige, 11th
N. H. Vols. until 9 a. m. of Apr. 24th.

By order of Chas. W. Davis,

Capt. & Pro. Mar. Dept. 9th A. C.

Per Lt. Goodrich



LIEUT. CHARLES C. PAIGE.

ADDENDA.

While it has no direct connection with the story of my soldier life, and no apparent or sufficient reason for this addenda, yet, I feel that as my sketch is dedicated to my family for their perusal, it is quite proper to mention my brothers' names, and the reason why they were not in the army, as also to note the fact that two of my brothers-in-law did service at the front, and one in the Navy.

My eldest brother, Samuel B. Paige of Lawrence, Mass., had passed the age limit when he might do military duty, though he was patriotic enough to enlist, if younger.

Brother David O. Paige of Cincinnati, Ohio, had an invalid wife, and a baby girl, Glenna, who needed his care and attention, and his duty seemed to be towards his family. He was connected with the Hall Safe Co., of his City and did quite a business for the Government in making over fire arms.

At one time Cincinnati was in great danger of an attack by the Rebels raiders and the City was placed under martial law. I think fortifications were constructed and my brother was in charge of many men called out to defend the city. Many times has he expressed to me his regrets that he could, or did not enter the army for the suppression of the rebellion.

My sister Sarah's husband, William S. Pierson of Manchester, N. H., enlisted under the call for three months' men. He went as a musician in Baldwin's Manchester Brass Band. Later in the war, 1864, he enlisted in Com-

pany C, 1st New Hampshire Heavy Artillery, leaving behind a wife and two small boys, W. O. and Frank W. Pierson.

Soon after the regiment in which Pierson enlisted had reached Washington and been assigned to Fort Reno, he was detailed as a musician and helped to organize the headquarters band. In his company there was a male quartette composed of William S. Pierson, Lieut. Reuben Dodge, Joseph E. Walker and Madison Gray.

After the fall of Richmond they were ordered by Col. Long, commanding the regiment, to go to the headquarters of the army in Washington, D. C., and sing. From there in company with the band they went to the home of Secretary of War Stanton and serenaded him. Stanton raised the window and thanked them, and said, "To whom am I indebted for this serenade?"

Col. Long replied, "To the 1st N. H. Heavy Artillery Band." Soon all the house was aglow and the band was invited in to partake of a collation served at the hands of the Secretary of War.

The quartette was prominent in many military and State functions in those days.

Pierson was mustered out in 1865.

Luther Cheney, my wife's eldest brother, served two or three years in the Navy as Assistant Engineer on one of the Cruisers. His duty mostly was in foreign waters, looking after our shipping interests and operating against Confederate privateers. To go into the U. S. service necessitated bidding adieu to a loving wife and two children, Frank and Ella.

His devotion to the old flag which floated from the mast of many a vessel which he had sailed on in earlier days, was the only incentive that could have turned him from his little family to whom he was greatly devoted.

Thomas C. Cheney, second brother of my wife, resided

in Manchester, N. H. He was an enthusiastic republican and in his breast the fires of patriotism burned fiercely and notwithstanding he had a wife and two small boys looking to him for support, he heeded his Country's call and enlisted in the First New Hampshire Battery and served three years.

Fred W. Cheney, his oldest boy, was six years of age and Clinton but a babe sitting on the floor, when his father said good bye to them all; perhaps never again to see and embrace the dear ones.

He received a minie ball in the hip at the battle of Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, and but for the ball striking his case knife and deeply indenting it, would have fractured his hip joint.

I am pleased to place the names of these patriots who left wives, children and other dear ones to do duty at the front, with my own. Their record is honorable indeed and they did their duty as they understood it, faithfully.

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